

GOKULAM

The monthly magazine for children

FEBRUARY '97

Rs. 5/-





Wanna be my friend?

**Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children.**

— William Canton



Vol.IX.No.8

GOKULAM

February 1997

Dear Children,

"I shall not speak to you", cried Hari, "You cheated in the game."

"I'll never ever play with you," shouted Ganesh as he walked away, chin up in the air.

And — the very next day, they were playing together, all enmity and quarrels forgotten.

Hatred begets hatred. It is necessary to dissolve issues amicably, be it in the neighbourhood, at school or in the cricket field.

The world can never forget the costly lessons of the wars. The World War I between 1914 - 1919, and the world war II 1939-1945.

Representatives of 50 nations met in San Francisco to organise the United Nations in 1945. The holocaust left behind by the atomic bombs shook the world awake and appealed to the better sense of mankind.

It is said that 'history repeats itself'. It offers an abundance of examples for us to learn from and grow.

Today's world is once again a witness to hatred, intolerance, radical and caste discrimination, and disparity between haves and have - nots. Terrorism, vandalism and riots are rampant.

The need of the hour is to fight; not one another but to fight hunger, poverty, disease and illiteracy. We need to forget all our differences and spread goodwill; reach out to those who need us. After all —

*"No man is an Island
No man stands alone
Each man's joy is joy to me
Each man's grief is my own.
We need one another
So I will defend
Each man as my brother
Each man as my friend.*

- UN Song

A little act of kindness, a few words of love go to make the world a wonderful place to live- LET'S MAKE IT SO!!!

Love,

Kajin
Editor

Dear Editor,

✉ I appreciate readers who send in their contributions and admire their talent, but I detest copying.

The so-called African folk-tale, 'A House in the sky' (Gokulam-Nov '96) was copied from an issue of Amar Vikas.

I wouldn't have cared though, if Ms. Sandhya had taken only the theme. But here the case is different. The sentences are the same and style is the same as you will notice when you compare the story in 'Gokulam' and the same story in the enclosed copy of Amar vikas.

Please do discourage such writing as it brings reproach to 'Gokulam'.

I'm sorry if Ms. Sandhya feels bad.

Vikas R.S. (aged 14),
Balodyana Eng. School, Mysore - 570 014.



Dear Editor,

✉ Received your letter dated 27.11.96. I have not read the book 'Amar Vikas', so I do not know if the story, 'A house in the sky is the same one. I had read this story in a book called 'Folk tales out of Africa', when I was sailing with my father two years back. I cannot remember the author's name but it contained many short stories. I had thought we could rewrite other's stories for the 'Stories Retold' pages. That is why I had sent that. I am sorry if I have bothered you by sending that story.

Sandhya Surendran, Trichur - 680 003, Kerala.

Dear Vikas, its likely that both 'Amar Vikas' and Sandhya had a common source.

Dear Sandhya, Thank you for your clarification.

- Ed

Dear Editor,

✉ I liked the story 'Pinki keeps mum' (Dec '96) very much. But I am sorry to inform you that Sajitha has copied the article from another children's magazine.



Chemistry Professor : "Jones, what does HNO_3 signify?"

Jones : Well ah, er... I've got it right on the tip of my tongue, sir.

Chemistry Professor : Well, you'd better spit it out. It is nitric acid.

- A. Jayashree (aged 10),

St. Josheph of Clunny Mat. Higher Secondary school, Neyveli - 607 803.

I humbly request the readers not to send copied articles or stories to Gokulam.

Sajitha, (aged 14), Pune - 411 040.

Are you listening, Sajitha?- Ed.

Dear Editor,

☒ Whenever it rains streets are flooded and people cannot walk. They,



BOX

particularly the aged, are afraid of pits and open drains. The Government is only carrying out temporary repairs and not laying new roads. It is a big problem to the public. Will the authorities look into

the matter and do the needful?

G. Madhu Mathi (aged 14),

Corporation Girls Hr.Sec.School, Chennai - 600 034.

Dear Editor,

☒ I particularly enjoyed reading the article, "And then there were none!" by Malvika Dekhne in the Dec '96 issue.

My father is a scientist and as a small boy I used to wonder at the futility of the existence of some creatures like street-dogs, crows etc. But my father explained that the earth was for all animals and not for human beings alone. We have to co-exist with them all. As I grew up, I understood the meaning of that.

Recently my father told me that one international biologist had actually counted all the different types of living species on this planet and the figure was 72 lakhs.

I was astonished to learn that ancient Hindu scriptures also counted all the living species to a figure of 84 lakhs.

Vishal Arora,

B-30 Ellora, Anushakti Nagar, Mumbai - 400 094..

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Cover Illustration: LALITHA

Help, It's the kidnappers!!!

Dear Readers,

We receive many letters complaining (with proof) that stories and features are being lifted straight from other magazines etc., Please send your contributions with a declaration form signed by you.

The format is as given below:-

I have retold/compiled this story/feature/Quiz, titled..... from (source) in my own words and it has not been published elsewhere.

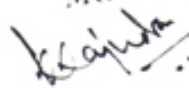
Signature

If it is an original writing then please mention so in the declaration form.

Every article sent must be accompanied by your full name, school, class, age and complete address.

Sorry for the trouble but we have been forced to do this because many readers do not seem to understand what a great offence plagiarising (passing off someone else's work as one's own) is.

Much love



Ed.

The word plagiarism has its origin from the Latin word *plagiarius* meaning kidnapper. A person who plagiarises is called a plagiarist.

RIDDLE ME REE

A dog was tied to a 15 feet rope, but he walked 30 feet. How come?



The rope wasn't tied to anything.

Why does a dog wag his tail?

Because no one else will wag it for him.

What is the beginning of eternity
the end of time and space
the beginning of every end
and the end of every race?

The letter E.

Spell too wise in two letters.



yy (zy's)

What kind of electricity does Washington have?

D.C (Direct current)

Why does a mother carry her baby?



The baby can't carry the mother!

What is the difference between a bus driver and a cold?



One knows the stops, the other stops the nose.

Priya N. Rangarajan, Nilgiris.

The strength of **FRIENDSHIP**

"Thank God!" cried Mona, heaving a sigh of relief, as she returned home from school.

"What happened, Mona?" asked her mother.

"You know something, Mum," said Mona, "today all of a sudden, members of the 'Leprosy Association' visited our school. Several doctors from the Association came and examined all the students."

"That is really good, Mona," said mother. "This leprosy test is Conducted to identify the disease at the

earliest. Many, due to ignorance, neglect the disease in its earlier stage and their condition worsens."

"Did the doctor say anything after testing you?" she asked.

"Yes, Mum! my test proved negative but... Kamala; she has leprosy and it is in the early stage."

"What a pity! Did you console her?"

"Mum are you mad? Friendship with a leper?" exclaimed Mona.





"That'll bring us no good, whatsoever."

"But, she is your best friend!" said mum in disbelief.

"So what! I've so many other friends."

Mona's mother knew that she was in no state of mind to listen to any advice. So she began to chop vegetables for dinner. After dinner Mona narrated the days happenings to her father. "And just imagine Dad, here I was befriending that girl with leprosy not knowing a thing about her disease," she said, with a shudder.

Her mother, who had for so long been a silent spectator couldn't control her temper any longer.

"Stop that nonsense! Do you know that leprosy is a curable disease? That it does not spread from one person to another by contact?" Her voice softened a bit as she said, "let me tell you something, your father had suffered from this disease after our marriage. I supported him right through. With proper medication and treatment he is all right now."

Mona stood rooted to the spot, quite speechless.

"Please, listen to me Mona," continued her mother, "friendship is the best treasure in the world. So be true to your friend and help her. Don't be a fair-weather friend."

Mona hung her head and went running up to

her room.

The next day, Mona was ready to go to school much earlier.

"Do you have special classes to day?" asked her mother.

"No Mum, I am going to see Kamala. I want to know if she is following the doctors instructions and taking the tablets regularly... Bye Mum," said mona, as she rushed out.

Her mother stood astonished and was so glad that her daughter had learnt the meaning of friendship.

**S.Lavanya (aged 16),
S.P.M. School,
Arakkonam.**



DAMON AND PHYNTIAS

Story retold by :

S.H. Quadri,
Bikaner.

Script : Priya .T

Illustration : Lalitha

In the city of Syracuse, which was ruled by the tyrant Dvanoseus lived two very good friends Damon and phyntias.



In the king's court —

I have been informed that you are a disloyal citizen. For this, You shall die!



but I'm innocent...

Take him away!



Phyntias's rival in trade had instigated the king against him.

Please... your majesty! Let me visit my family in Greece for one last time before I die.



If I let you go, what guarantee is there that you will return?



I am willing to vouch for that.



It was phyntias's friend Damon.

Are you willing to die if your friend does not return within a month?



Yes, I am.



One month later—

The time given to your friend is up. And There's no sign of him.



BE PREPARED TO DIE!



As the axe was about to fall—

Halt!



Suddenly...

Don't kill him.
I am here.



Such friendship, loyalty, love
and sacrifice never have I
seen or heard of before!



Come, my friends.



SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

Swami Vivekananda was known as Biley in his childhood and later on as Narendra Nath. He was a great disciple of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa.

He visited Chicago under the most difficult circumstances and represented India at the world's Parliament of Religions in 1893. His speech on the 11th Sept. 1893 made him famous throughout the world. There was an audience of more than seven thousand men and women and sixty speakers representing various religions from all over the world.

He began his speech by addressing the audience as 'Sisters and Brothers of America!' to a thunderous applause.

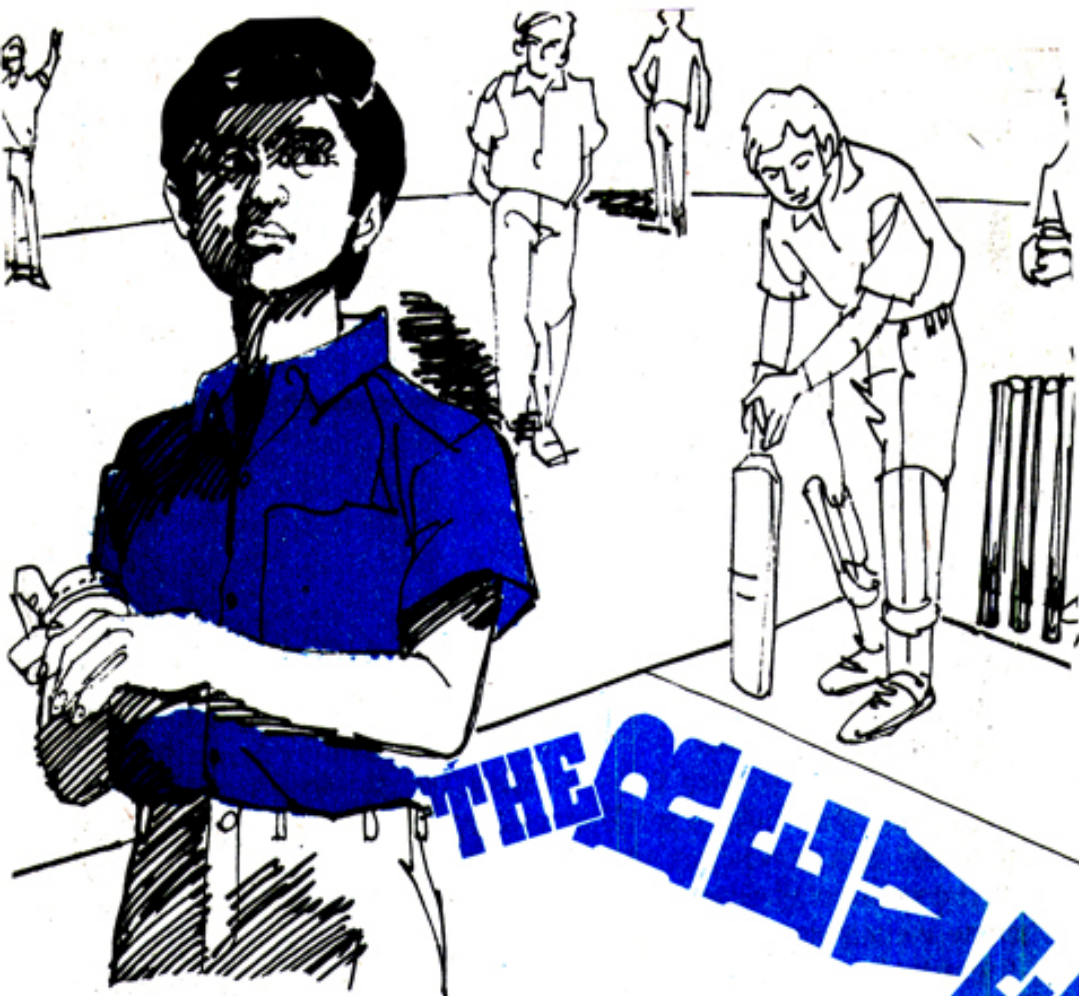
The stories of Vivekananda's childhood show various aspects of his nature, his courage, generosity, self-esteem, a loving-heart, truthfulness and great strength of character.

Once while Biley and his friends were setting up a swing, an English sailor helped the boys lift the heavy pole used to hold up the swing. Unfortunately the pole slipped and hit the sailor on his head. The sailor fell down with a big cut on his forehead and was bleeding badly. Some of the boys thinking he was dead ran away.

But, Biley and three of his friends were not going to desert the man who had tried to help them. Biley, quickly bandaged the Sailor's head with a piece of cloth torn from his dhoti. They poured some water on his face and fanned him. The sailor opened his eyes and was later treated by a doctor.

Biley was very sure of himself and always told the truth. Once when a teacher told Biley that his answer was wrong, Biley said that his answer was right. The angry teacher slapped and scolded him. Yet Biley stuck to his words. The next day the teacher apologized to Biley as he found that the boy's answer was correct indeed!





"Oh! Tarun, I must say, your batting is top class!"

It was Tarun's best pal Varun. Tarun had scored a marvelous century in the recently held cricket tournament. "Thank you," said Tarun in his usual polite voice.

The scene in Std VIII B, was however quite different for Prakash. He was teased for his poor performance in the match. He and Tarun were batting partners, and unlike Tarun, he was out for a duck (no runs) in the very first ball.

After a few days, a match was to be held during the

lunch recess between the section A and B of Std VIII. Prakash was to lead his team. "I shall get even with Tarun," he decided. He was Jealous of Tarun's century and was plotting revenge.

The toss was won and the 'A' section was to bat first. As the match was about to begin, he could hear cheers of "Good old Tarun! We want a century!!!" rent the air. Varun and Vinay were eagerly awaiting Tarun's

THE CHALLENGE

batting.

Prakash was to bowl to Tarun. He hurled the ball with all his force and the ball hit Tarun on his head. Tarun dropped the bat and held his head. Prakash chuckled silently. The next minute Tarun's head started bleeding profusely. A stretcher was called for and he had to be rushed to a hospital.

One of the teachers who had accompanied Tarun to the hospital told the class that he had suffered a bad cut on his head and needed eleven stitches.

Prakash felt very guilty. What had he done? He had to confess. He called Varun aside and told him everything. The teacher was told about it and Prakash was taken to the principal.

The principal was

trying to console Tarun's parents: "Please don't worry. He will be alright. We pray for his quick recovery." Prakash was suspended from school for a week.

The next day, Prakash went to meet Tarun. "Will you ever forgive me," he asked. Tarun, who could hardly move clutched Prakash's hand and said, "Yes, and from now on we are going to be the best of friends. We will make a great team together."

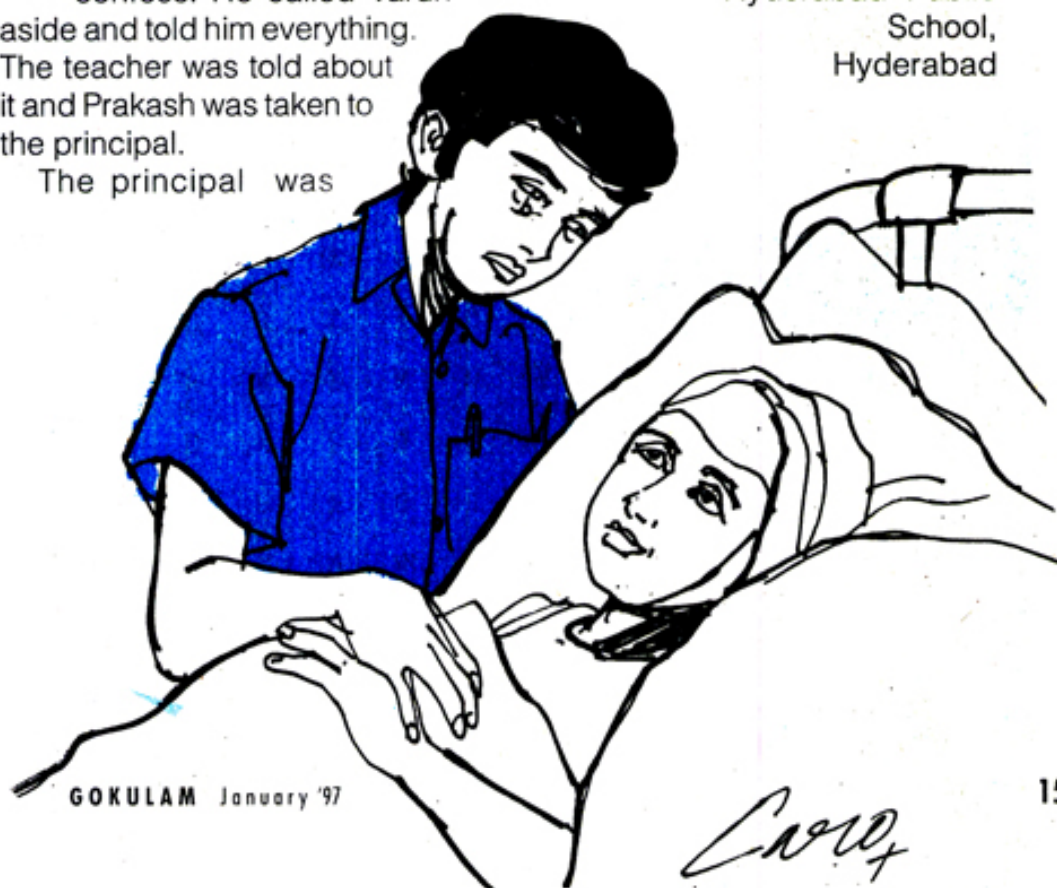
"Thank you!" exclaimed Prakash.

Tarun, Varun and Prakash - The three musketeers became inseparable friends.

Akshay Rajagopalan (aged 10)

Std VI

Hyderabad Public
School,
Hyderabad





PUZZLE



FLOWERY MAZE

Help this butterfly spot the ten flowers hidden in this maze.

G.Latha (aged 11), Madras - 17



V	I	O	L	E	T	A	A	S	S	L
D	L	R	O	S	E	S	K	L	U	T
A	O	D	T	L	S	B	E	I	N	H
I	Z	V	U	U	K	G	I	L	F	A
S	E	A	S	P	L	J	R	Y	L	O
Y	N	I	M	U	L	I	T	Z	O	D
O	O	R	O	Y	M	N	P	X	W	I
J	A	S	M	I	N	E	I	K	E	R
A	S	U	C	S	I	B	I	H	R	R
M	Y	P	L	S	U	W	X	Y	Z	P
N	A	O	A	S	V	A	O	I	E	O
E	Z	Z	I	T	X	Y	P	P	O	P

Turn to Pg. 65 for answers



KASHMIR! The very name evokes images of paradise, of snow-capped mountains, crystal clear lakes and sprawling green forests.

The sad truth is that over the past ten or twenty years, this paradise has been so badly treated that the beautiful lakes are now dirty and polluted. The capital city of Srinagar is full of garbage, and huge areas of ancient forests have been cut down.

Some months ago, a group of concerned Kashmiris decided to try and save the precious environment of their homeland. They formed an organisation which they named 'GREEN KASHMIR'.

GREEN KASHMIR is run on a voluntary basis. The members educate the illiterate locals, through action and example.

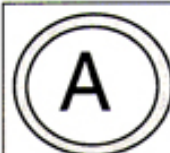
They have placed dustbins in the bazaars of Srinagar so that people no longer throw their litter on the road.

Green Kashmir has also persuaded the Government to help, and now the two are working together to clean up the famous Dal Lake in Srinagar. This is the lake of the houseboats — big boats that are floating houses — where tourists from India and all over the world come and spend their holidays.

Green Kashmir has been active only for the past nine months. But even in this short time, it has achieved a great deal; the water in Dal Lake, for example, which had become so filthy, is now starting to look just a little clearer. And most important of all, GREEN KASHMIR has shown what people can do when they care enough to turn thoughts and feelings into action.



GREEN KASHMIR



Ayalaan, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was back from one of his numerous trips abroad. He was telling a number of stories about the countries he had

greetings. They say it is better to give than to receive."

"That's nice," said Arivili, the Minister of Education.

"Not so nice for one's pocket," said Sigainasam, the Home

JAYABALAN MEETS SANTA CLAUS

visited, and King Jayabalan and his other ministers were listening to all this with great delight.

Ayalaan described a bull fight he had seen in Madrid and went into raptures over the paintings he had seen at the Louvre in Paris. He talked about the Sistine Chapel in Rome, and then he came round to the topic of festivals.

"At about this time of the year they have a festival called Christmas," said Ayalaan. "It is celebrated with a great deal of enjoyment and enthusiasm."

"What do they do?" the king asked.

"They exchange gifts and



Minister.

"They don't mind spending money during this season," said Ayalaan. "They have lavish dinners and rich decorations. The presents are hung upon a Christmas tree."

"So people have to climb the tree to get their presents?" the king asked.

"No, no. It is just a branch of an evergreen tree."

"What else do they do?" the king asked enthusiastically, for he was excited by thoughts of grand dinners and costly presents.

"Groups of people go about in the night from house to house singing songs known as carols."

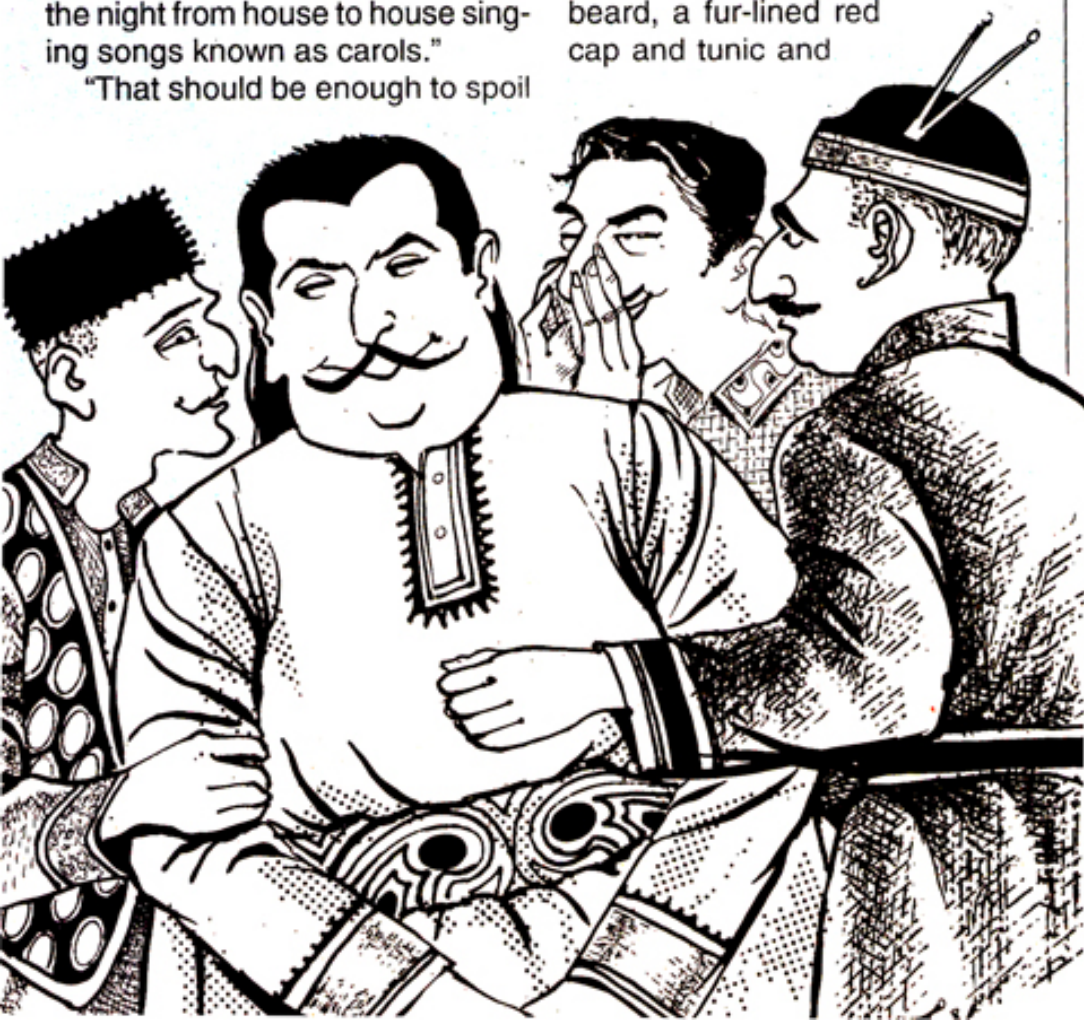
"That should be enough to spoil

the festive mood," said Ganabadi, the Minister of Heavy Industry, chuckling till his ample body shook like an autumn leaf.

"**M**aybe they have better voices than we have here," said Tholaipesi, the Minister of Communications.

"But the idea I liked most was their belief in Father Christmas whom they call Santa Claus," said Ayalaan.

"They picture him as a plump old gentleman with a white beard, a fur-lined red cap and tunic and



black boots, riding from the North Pole on a sledge drawn by reindeer."

"My! What a picture!" exclaimed Solmannan, the Minister of Publicity.

"Yes, this Santa is quite a guy," said Ayalaan. "He is supposed to bring gifts to little children in the middle of the night on Christmas Eve."

"But is he a real person?" the king wanted to know.

"No one knows. But Santa Claus is the embodiment of the Christmas spirit. It is believed that he comes down chimneys and leaves gifts for children in the stockings that they hang up on the mantelpiece."

"How did

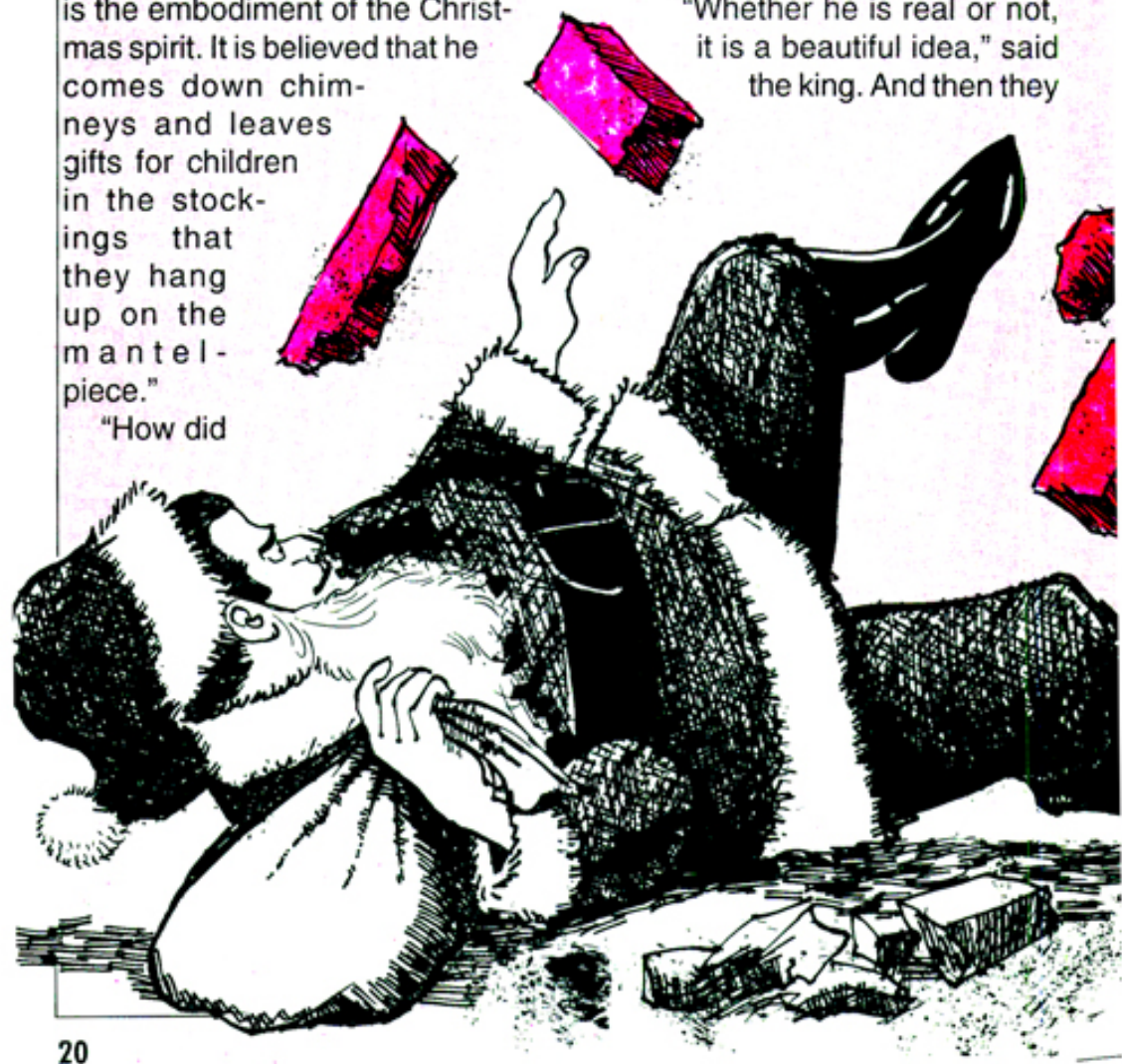
all this start?" the king asked.

"Some say that it all began with a 14th century saint called St. Nicholas, who was known for his kindness to children. St. Nicholas is the patron saint of children."

"I wish we had someone like that here," said the king wistfully.

"Wherever there is the spirit of giving and a love for children, Santa Claus is there," said Ayalaan. "In some countries he is called Sinte Klaus, in others, Kris Kringle and so on."

"Whether he is real or not, it is a beautiful idea," said the king. And then they



started talking about other things.

Later that night Sigainasam, accompanied by Solmannan, Tholaipesi, Arivili and a few other ministers, called on Ganabadi.

"To what do I owe this rare honour?" Ganabadi asked with a smirk.

"Look, Ganabadi," Sigainasam said. "You saw how interested the king was in Sandra Ghouse..."



ou mean Santa Claus," Arivili corrected him.

"Oh, well, the name doesn't matter," Sigainasam said. "All we want to do is give the king a surprise, making this Santa Cruz appear and give him gifts."

"How do you propose to do that?" Ganabadi asked.

"One of us dresses up like Santa Claus, enters the palace at night and leaves some gifts for the king," said Tholaipesi.

"Oh, that will be fun," said Ganabadi. "I'll contribute some money towards buying the gifts."

"Well, all of us will be contributing money," said Sigainasam. "You will have to do something more."

"Like what?"

Ganabadi asked.

"Like playing Santa Claus," said Arivili.

"Oh, no, no!" said Ganabadi,

shaking his head until all his three chins quivered.

"Think of the romance of acting, man," said Solmannan. "Imagine that you are on the stage. Lights! Action! Applause! A star — that's what you'll be."

"Why don't you do it then?"

"I don't have the build for it."

"Yes. He looks like a dried weed," Tholaipesi said.

"You heard Ayalaan say that this Sant Kush is a plump character," Sigainasam said.

"For god's sake, get the name right," Arivili snapped. "It is Santa Claus."

"All right, all right," Sigainasam said. "Now, everyone knows that Ganabadi is the fattest person in Jayabalpore."

"You don't have to shout it from the roof-tops," Ganabadi said, rumbling with laughter.

"Moreover you are the king's closest friend," Arivili told Ganabadi.

"So you are the most suitable one to play Santa Claus," said Solmannan.

Ganabadi thought it over for awhile. "Yes," he said. "Come to think of it, it could be fun."

"Good, good," everyone chorused.

"We will get a red costume made for you and a grey beard," Sigainasam said.

"And you can get down through the chimney," Solmannan said. "That would be very dramatic."

"He'll get stuck in the chimney,"



Arivili said. "No chimney is big enough to accomodate Ganabadi."

"Right," said Sigainasam. "He can climb up to the terrace and then walk down the stairs. We will arrange to keep the door at the top open for him."

Everyone agreed.

In a few days, the red costume was ready. So was the white beard. Everyone contributed money to buy the gifts, and these gifts were kept in a large bag that Ganabadi was to carry. All the ministers were excited about the whole thing.

Sigainasam arranged with a few guards in the palace to co-operate with the Santa Claus gang.

On the appointed day, around midnight, Ganabadi arrived at the palace dressed in costume and whiskers, and accompanied by Sigainasam and others. They found a ladder placed near a

sunshade. Ganabadi was to climb the ladder and reach the sunshade, from where he could climb up to the terrace.

"Good luck!" said the ministers, and withdrew into the shadows. Ganabadi climbed the ladder panting and puffing, and hauled himself onto the sunshade.

"Good," Sigainasam whispered. "Now leap onto the terrace." Ganabadi tried to leap from the Sunshade to the terrace. But he landed back on the sunshade. He tried once more with the same result. The third time the sunshade collapsed under Ganabadi's weight, and Ganabadi came tumbling down, and landed on his back with a great big thump that seemed to shake the earth. And for the next few seconds he was busy dodging bricks and pieces of mortar that kept falling from above.

This noisy fall

LOUVRE - a great art museum and gallery housing some of the greatest paintings like the Mona Lisa and sculptures like the Venus De Milo.
SISTINE CHAPEL - private chapel of the Pope, famous for its ceiling decorated with frescoes by Michelangelo.
EVERGREEN - a general term for all conifer trees and box, holly, yew etc. that remain green throughout the year.
REINDEER - antlered deer found in the cold regions of the North, particularly Lapland. Domesticated and used as a beast of draught and carriage.
MANTELPiece - structure of wood, brick, stone, marble etc. above and around the fireplace.

Janakan

brought about a great commotion in the palace. Alarm bells rang, dogs barked, soldiers came running, servants milled about; and soon the king himself made his appearance.

By that time Ganabadi was sitting up, with the beard hanging awry and the gifts scattered all over the ground.

"What's all this?" the king demanded. "Ganabadi, what are you doing here?"

Ganabadi tried to speak, but the words would not come. "Argh, argh..." he gasped, and then fell into a fit of coughing. Sigainasam and the others hastened to the king's side and explained the whole thing.

King Jayabalan looked at Ganabadi who had by that time managed to remove the beard and the cap. And then the king burst out laughing.

"Ayalaan said it was better to give than to receive, and so you



decided to give trouble, eh?" the king teased. Ganabadi grinned sheepishly. Everyone started laughing.

"You have given us a lot of laughter, Ganabadi," the king said. "And laughter is a gift." And then the king held Ganabadi in an affectionate embrace.

"Here's the spirit of Santa Claus," said Sigainasam, pronouncing the name correctly for the first time.

JANAKAN.

THE RAAKHI

It was Raksha Bandhan day. Hema longed to tie a Raakhi on Bantu's wrist, but she did not have the money to buy one. She first sobbed to her heart's content. Then she wiped her eyes, washed her face, took pieces of coloured cloth and stitched them together and made a colourful raakhi!

She took a plate and placed the Raakhi on it. Then she arranged some chandan (sandalwood paste), and kumkum, and sweets, which her mother prepared, around the Raakhi, and went to Bantu's house. When she rang the bell, Bantu's servant opened the door. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I... I... want to meet Bantu," Hema stammered. The servant showed her to Bantu's room. "Bhaiya (brother),

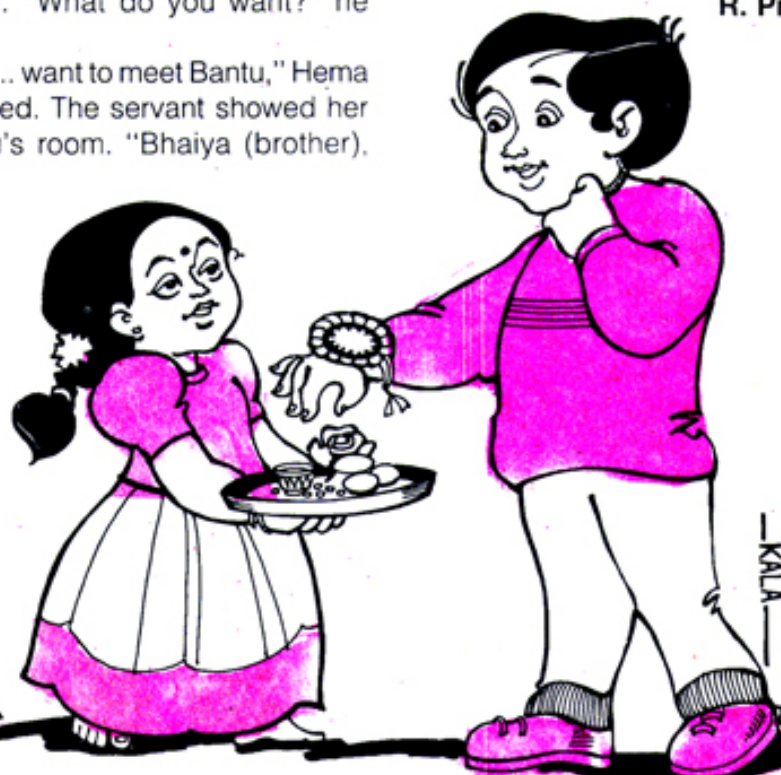
please hold out your hand," she whispered. She tied the Raakhi on his wrist, and smeared chandan and kumkum on his forehead. Then she put some sweets into his mouth. When she finished, Bantu's eyes were brimming with tears. "Sis....ter," he

said, "all these years nobody has ever tied a Raakhi on this hand." And he took a fifty-rupee note and gave it to her as a token of his affection.

"Thank you! Thank you so much, brother," Hema cried, and off she ran home. So happy, so joyous was she! Bantu spoke about this happy moment of his life to his father. Seeing his son so happy, his father, on his part got Hema admitted into a school and gave her all the facilities to get educated.

Such is the strength of a bond established by a Raakhi.

R. Prathika.



TRUE FRIENDSHIP



High up in the sky,
Oh! how I wish to fly
Sweeter than any cake,
Impossible to shake,
Greater than the mountains,
More beautiful than any fountain,
It is brighter than the sun
And you'll never tire its fun

Vaster than the world,
Purer than the gold,
Greater than our life
Sharper than any knife.
It is quicker than our mind
And very hard to find.

Lovelier than the flowers,
Cooler than the showers,
Stronger than the rock,
Swifter than the hawk,
It is deeper than the ocean,
And greater than salvation.

G. Narasimha Rahavan, (aged 15),
Carmel Garden Mat. Hr. Sec.
School, Coimbatore - 641 028.

MATHS in our LIFE

Add your friends,
Subtract your enemies,
Multiply your joys,
Divide your Sorrows.

SMILE

The earth Smiles,
The Water Smiles,
So do the cloudless skies;
But, I know not how to smile,
Without you and your

Friendship

R. Indumathi, IX Std.,
Little Flower Mat. Hir. Sec;
Chennai - 600 083.

TIPS ON FRIENDSHIP



Friendship is an art, a gift and a special relationship. You are very lucky if you can close your eyes and know for certain that there is a person to help you in times of distress. Here are a few tips to preserve this friendship.

LISTEN

Hearing is different from listening. Give your friend your full attention when she's speaking to you.



Even a slight nod of the head will encourage her.

RESPONSE

Pass comments, statements

and opinions only after listening completely. Response will make your friend feel that what she says is important to you.



EXPRESS

Many people are shy of expressing their feelings. Do not be so. Relationship grows only when you share your feelings or thoughts. A surprise in the form of a card or even a pretty flower strengthens a bond.

NEVER CRITICISE

Even when the criticism is for constructive purpose, do not criticise your friend in front of other classmates or people. This hurts the self-esteem and will ruin a good friendship.

ENCOURAGE

Encourage your friend, when she feels depressed, or thinks herself a failure. Assure her of your support in whatever she plans to do.

COMMUNICATE

Communicate your own problem and troubles to her. It will make her happy to know that you are sharing something personal with her.

Give your best to friendship and it will give back the best to you! And... its never too late to apologise for an unwilling slip; procrastinating doesn't help either. If you must say sorry, say it now! *Life — is a fast moving train!*

**Akilandeswari
Coimbatore-12.**



One fine summer morning...

STAR RIDER

Story and Script : Priya T

Illustration:
JAYARAJ

Hey! shaggy, come out of that Pumpkin Patch.

Slurp! such delicious pumpkins and so ripe!

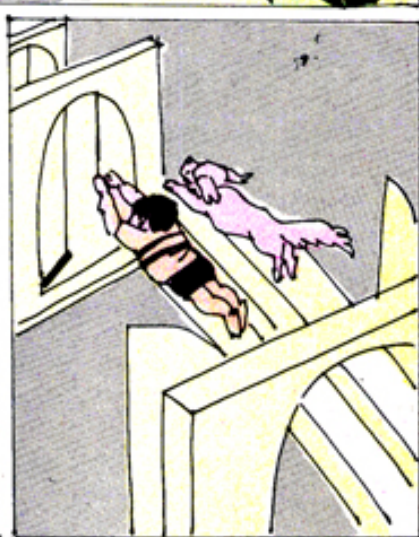
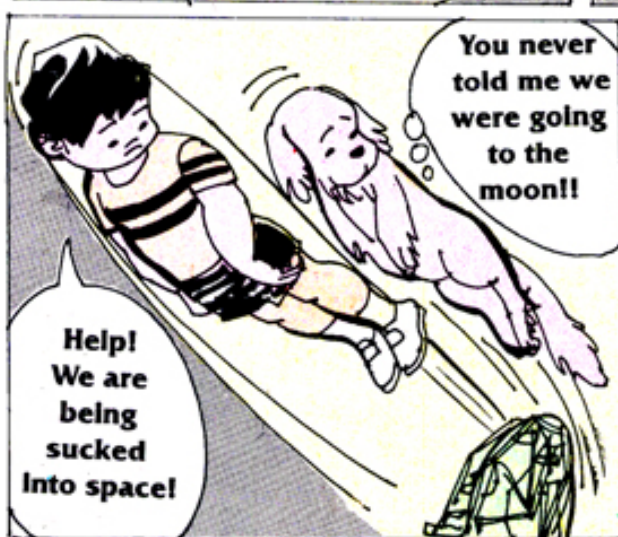
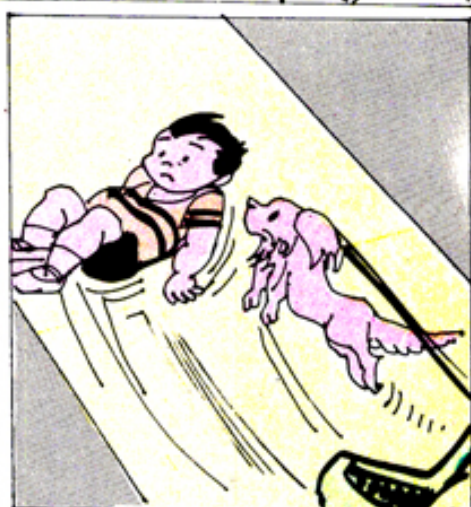
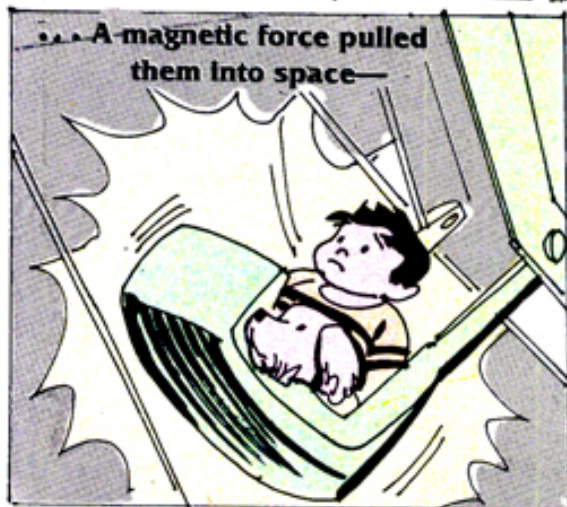
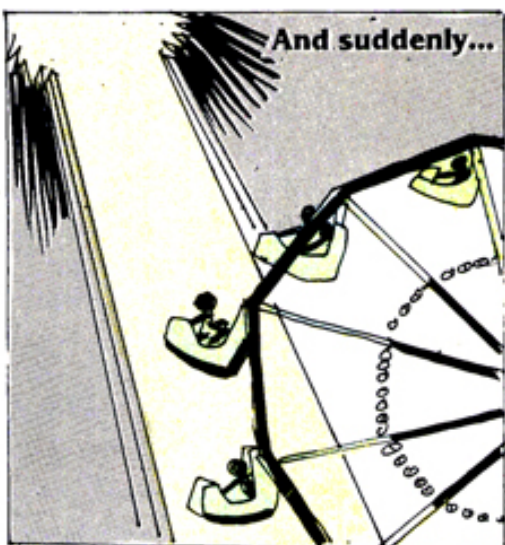
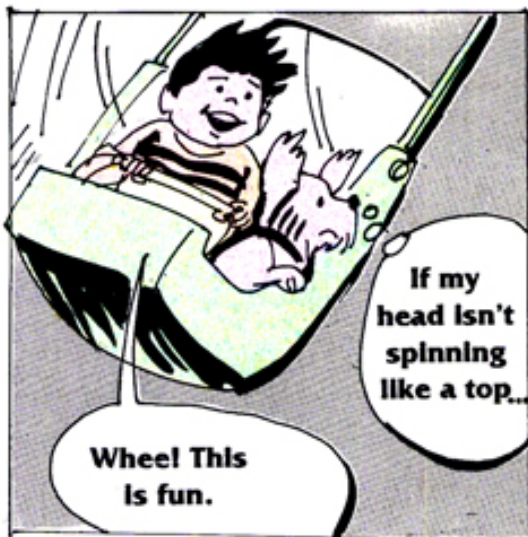
SLURP

Eating pumpkins! you'll soon be the laughing stock of all the neighbourhood dogs. Let's get to the fair fast.

We'll take a ride on that giant wheel.

Dogs are not allowed on the ride.

Don't worry, he'll be alright, mister.



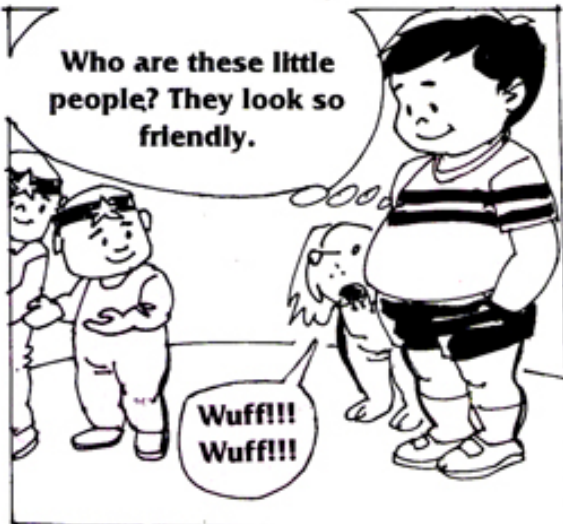
Phew! I thought
that was never
going to end.

Some ride
Wow?!
Wow!!

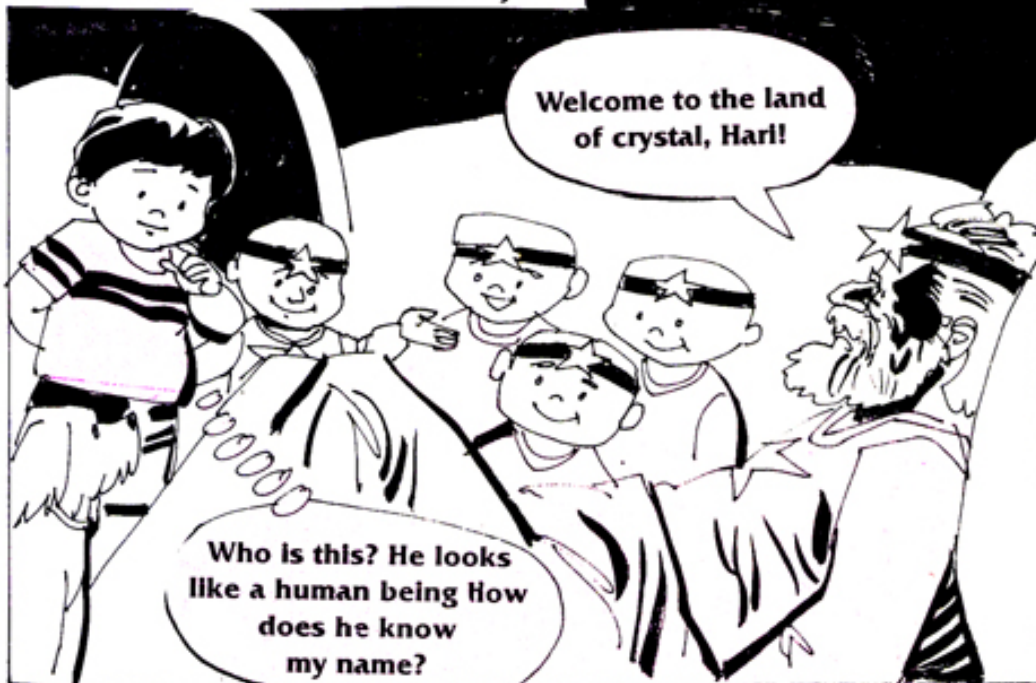
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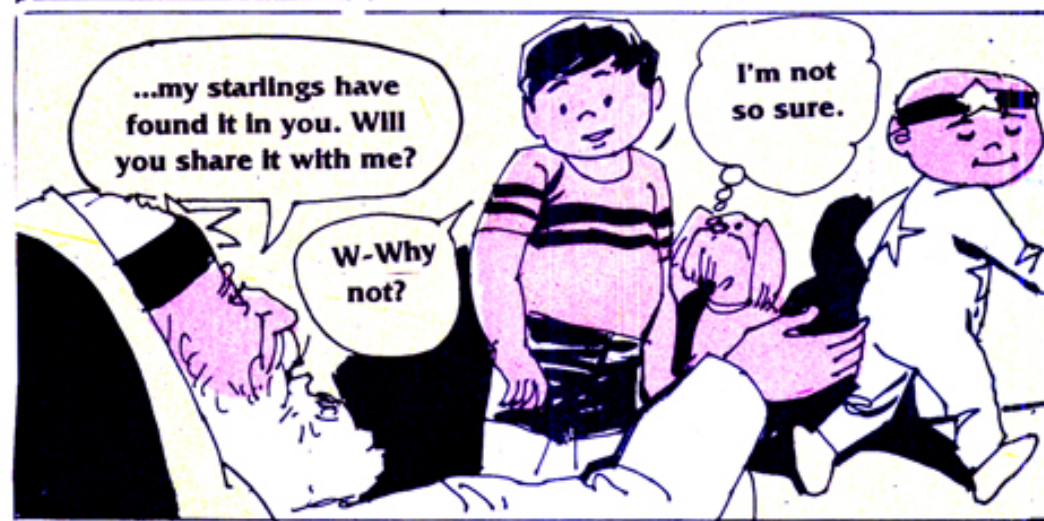
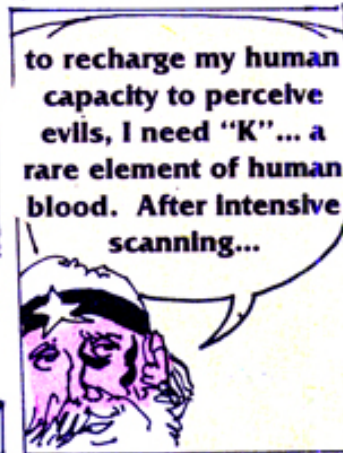
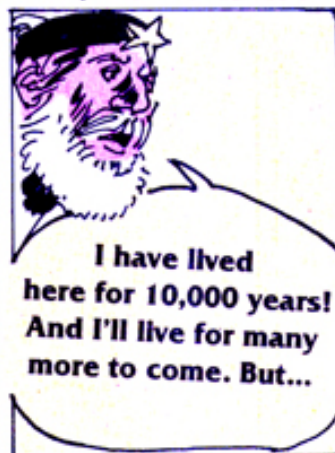
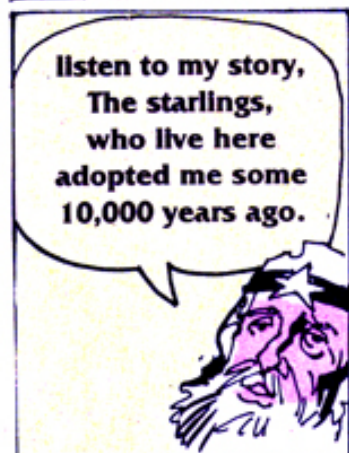
The Land of starlings...

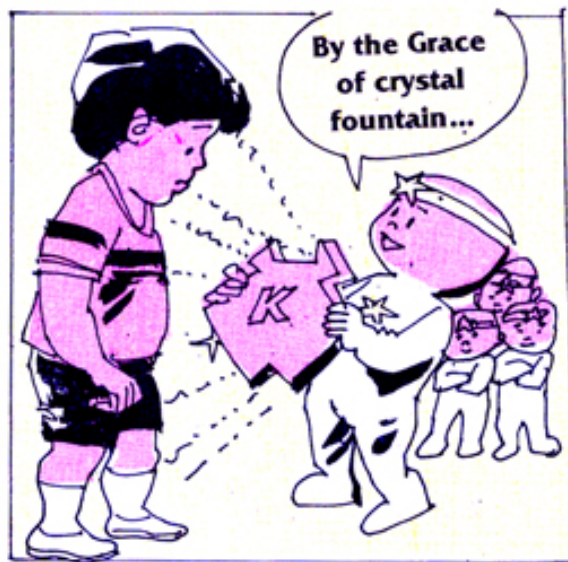
Where are
we?
What a huge palace!



The Grandold man of the land of crystal-

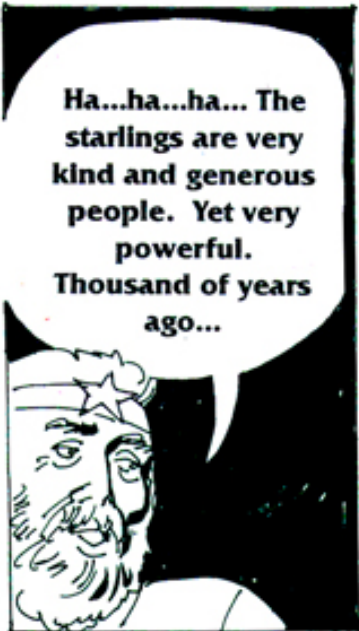




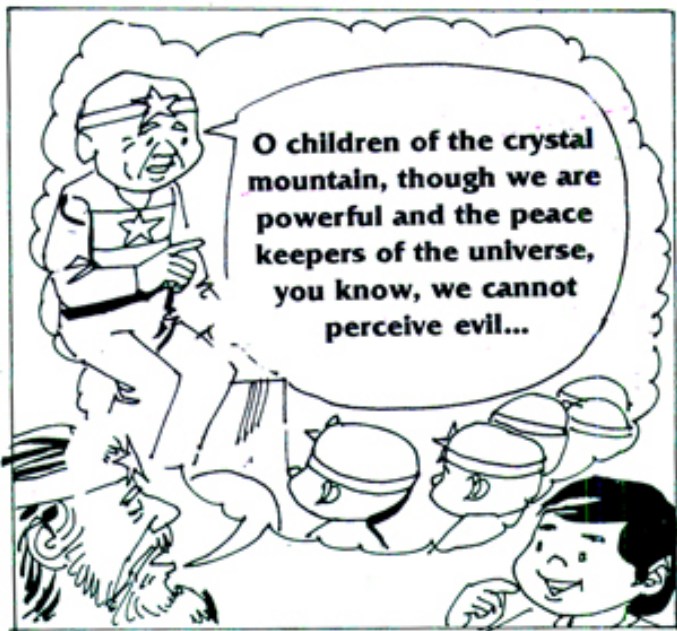




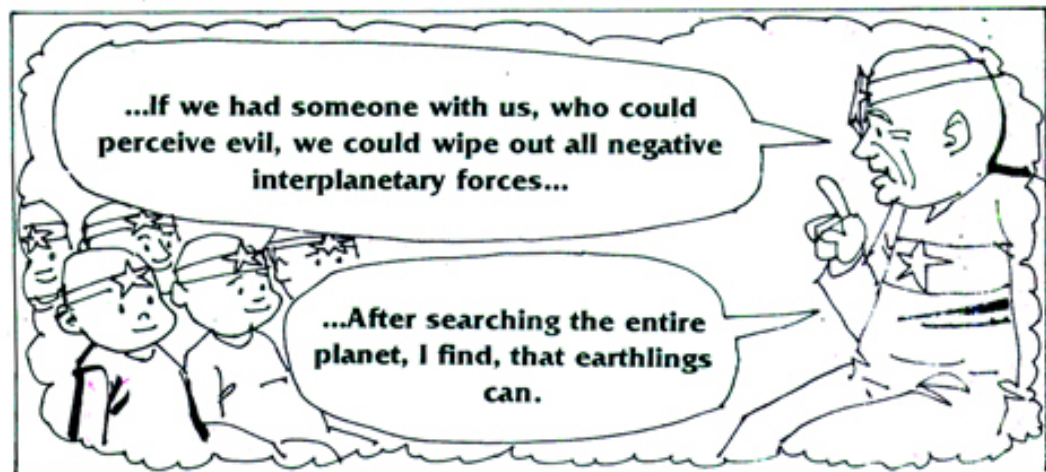
Is all this real? Am I dreaming? Are you really from earth? Why did they bring you here?



Ha...ha...ha... The starlings are very kind and generous people. Yet very powerful. Thousand of years ago...



O children of the crystal mountain, though we are powerful and the peace keepers of the universe, you know, we cannot perceive evil...



...If we had someone with us, who could perceive evil, we could wipe out all negative interplanetary forces...

...After searching the entire planet, I find, that earthlings can.



Go! And bring an
earthling. He'll perceive
evil and we'll destroy it.



...And I was their chosen
one. Harl, if you stay
with us on this planet all
the powers are yours
after me.



Stay on Harl!
Stay on!



No! I want to
go back to
earth.



And I'll be
starved without
my pumpkins.



The Initiation ceremony...



The lady of the fountain...

I initiate you,
friend of crystal land. The
power of crystal shall protect
you from all evil. Use your
powers with caution.
The ring shall guide
you.

You can go
home, Hari... Think
of me if you ever
need me.

Go home?
But how?

Ha ha... use
your powers.
You and your
dog can do
wonders. Just
think of your
planet.

SHAGGY

And lo...

Bye starlings!
Bye wise one!!



A.Naveen Gowda (aged 15)
Delhi Kannada School,
New Delhi - 110 003.



R.Sairam (aged 9),
T.I. School, Ambattur,
Madras - 53.

GOKULAM ART GALLERY

B.Preethy (aged 13),
D.T.E.A.School,
New Delhi - 110 005.



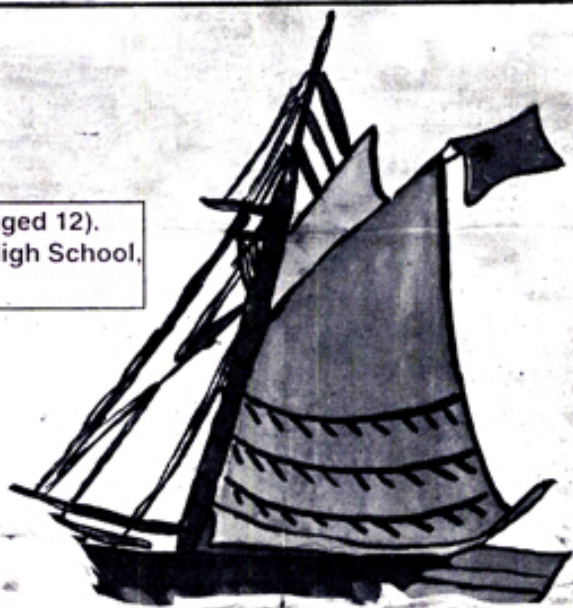


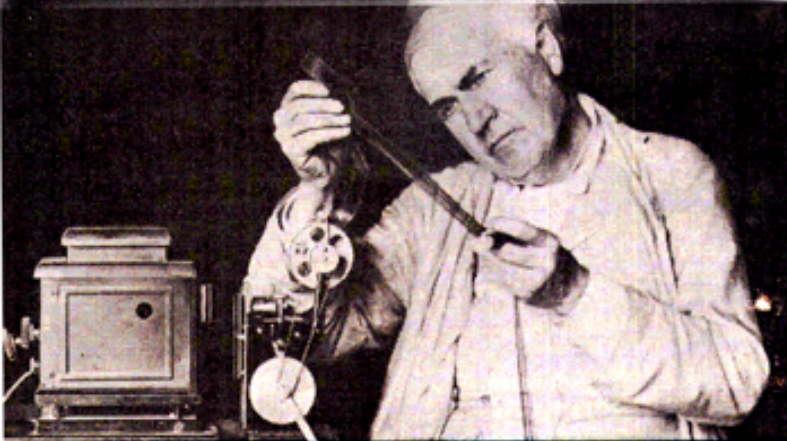
G.Christina Mathews,
Hospet -583 201



Sumanta Ranjan Pal,
Std VIII, K.H.M. School,
West Bengal - 741 235

N.R.Supreetha (aged 12).
Cluny Convent High School,
Bangalore - 40.





During his invention of the electric bulb, Edison discovered the principle of thermionic emission which led to the thermionic valve.

He has also contributed to the invention of the phonograph (gramo-

THOMAS ALVA EDISON (1847-1931)

Thomas Alva Edison is one of the greatest inventors of all time.

He was born on 11 February 1847, at Milan (Ohio, U.S.A). He did not study much as he was expelled from school. Later on he had great interest in science and studied many science books. He began selling newspapers and candy in trains to meet his needs.

One of his most famous inventions was that of the incandescent electric bulb. He was determined to make a powerful electric bulb. On 21st of October 1879, a filament made from a length of carbonized sewing thread, mounted in an evacuated glass bulb, produced a steady light glow for over 40 hours. He had tried to make the electric bulb 215 times before he perfected it. His first electric company began operation in the year 1882 in the Pearl Steel District of New York (U.S.A). On the eve of the New Year, he lit up the whole of New York. On 4th September 1882, New York marveled as Edison switched on the first successful electric bulb.

phone), electric pen, incandescent lamp, the carbon telephone transmitter, motion pictures, storage batteries, dictating machines, micrograph duplicating machine, etc. He also did many improvements in the typewriter.

Edison was very inquisitive by nature. He once asked his mother how hens were born. When his mother explained, he sat on an egg to see if it hatched. It was this inquisitiveness which helped him to become such a great scientist.

In 1912, he could have won the prestigious Nobel Prize with his former associate Tesla for their work on electricity, but Tesla refused to share it with Edison. so neither got the prize.

18th October 1931 marked the death of this famous, and one of the greatest inventors the world had ever witnessed. In 1960, his name was included among the famous Americans as a member of the Hall of Fame.

**Ashish Vijayaram, (aged 13),
Seshadripuram High School
Bangalore-560 020.**

The OIL THIEF

My elder brother often used my grandfather's scented hair oil which was kept in a bowl, in an almirah. He used it without my grandfather's knowledge.

One day, when my Grandfather enquired about the oil, nobody owned up. So, he had an idea. He poured some neem oil instead of the usual oil in the bowl and placed it in the almirah. That day my elder brother who was in a great hurry to school applied the oil to his hair without even smelling it. And—when the smell hit my grandfather's



nose, the thief was caught. My poor brother was frightened and rather perplexed, much to the amusement of the whole family.

**G.Madhumathi (aged 14),
Corporation girls Hr. Sec.
School, Chennai - 40**



Q : What does the sea say to the beach?

A : Nothing, it just waves.

**Steve James Nipps, aged 11,
Holy Cross Hr. Sec. School,
Raipur - 492 001.**

AMAZING FACTS

The normal IQ of a person ranges from 85 to 115. Lord Byron, the poet; Mozart, the music composer; and George Sand, the novelist; all had IQ's of 150!



Voltaire, the writer; and Chatterton, the poet and writer, had IQ's of 170!

Goethe, the poet, had an IQ of 185 and John Stuart Mill, the writer and economist, had an IQ of 190! So, what's yours?

During the 15th century in Europe, men wore hour-glasses tied around their knees to tell the time!



The heaviest bell in the

world, the Tsar Kolokol Bell was cast in 1733 in Moscow, Russia. This bell which has been standing in the Kremlin since 1836, is over 5.6 metres high and is 60 cms thick, and weighs 216 metric tons.

The largest orchestra ever to play together assembled in Oslo, Norway in 1964—an orchestra of 20,000 musicians!

The world's largest ship of any kind is a French oil tanker, the Pierre Guillaumat, which weighs 554,000 metric tons.

The busiest airport in the entire world is Chicago International Airport, also called



O'Hare field. At O'Hare, planes take off and land every 42.5 seconds round the clock. That means 85 take-offs and landings every hour, 2036 every day, 14,255 every week, and 741,272 every year!

The longest vehicle in the world is the US Army Overland Train, a 172 metres long truck that is used to transport rockets etc. It weighs 450 metric tons, has 54 wheels and 4 engines. It has a monstrous 28,000 litre tank!

The Gateway Arch in

St.Louis, is the tallest monument in the world. The 169 metre Arch stands on the Missouri side of the Mississippi river. The surface of the Arch is covered with steel. Each leg of the Arch is triangular in shape, 16 mts wide on each side of the base and tapers to 4.1 mts at the top of the Arch. Visitors can climb up the 1076 steps to the observation deck where they will be standing atop 35,000 tonnes of steel and concrete!



The strength of the Arch is so great that even in a 150 mph wind it would sway only 45 cms!

Compiled by

**Ajith G.Pal(aged 14),
St.Mary's High school,
Udupi .**



A few days later, Kannan and Kovalan joined the local school. It was a thatched cottage with a sole brass bell. It had the British flag flying, as it was looked after by missionaries. The school had a large playground bordered by tamarind, mango and guava trees. On the whole, it had a perfect atmosphere for studies. Kannan and Kovalan felt at home on the very first day as Manohar and Murthy introduced all their classmates to them. Everyone gazed at the two newcomers, and decided that their presence would definitely enhance the joys of school life.

"By the way, what subject do we have first?" asked Kovalan.

"Geography and then English and later Tamil," answered Murthy, who was munching on peanuts.

"Well, Murthy, I think that you will always be chewing... like a cow ...non-stop..." said Kannan.

"Of course, Kannan, my parents say that when I was a baby I had a big appetite and would never stop bawling until I got what I wanted."

Just then, the bell rang, and the boys walked into their classroom. A minute later, a lean man sporting a Hitler moustache, a Gandhi cap and a black coat, entered.

"Open your textbooks, boys! Ah Raju! What are you doing? Useless

fellow, stand up! Do you know how many oceans are there in our village?" he screeched.

"Nine, Sir. Three in our yard and six in Murthy's yard and field."

"Fool! Those are all tanks. You don't even know what an ocean is and you sit blabbering at the back. For your kind information our village has only one ocean."

At this Kannan and Kovalan burst out laughing. The master thought the village river was an ocean! All the boys joined them in their laughter. The master, twirling his moustache, stomped up to them and shouted, "Stop it! What do you think of yourselves? And may I ask you, who you fellows are?"

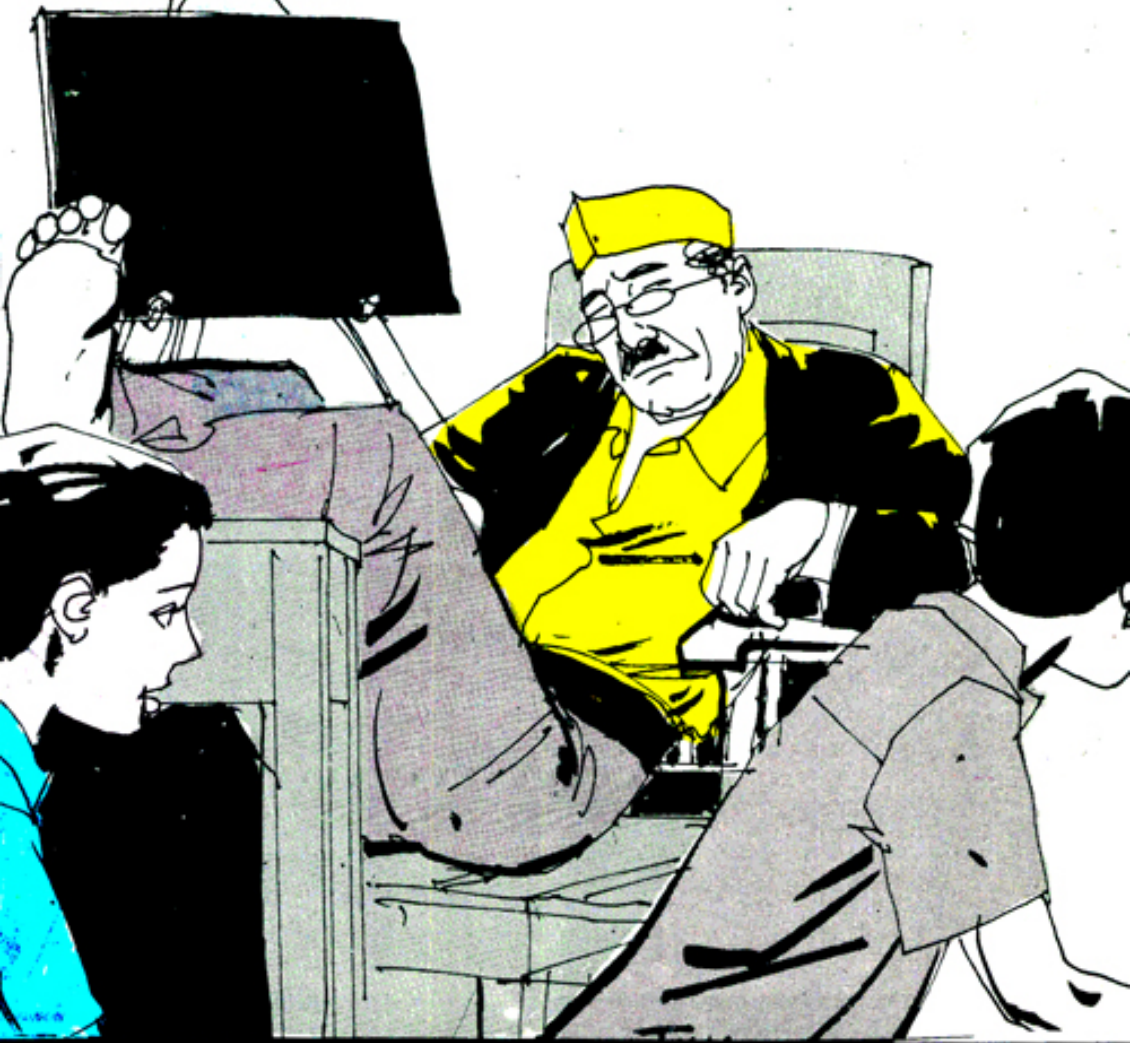
"Sir, I am Kannan and this is Kovalan. We are new students."

REVO



he teacher glared at them and walked back to his chair. He asked the boys to read out an exercise from the text-book. Then he slid back on his chair, with his legs propped up on the table and dozed

4-B



LUTION

GINNING OF THE REVOLUTION

off. His snores competed with the steady drone of the student's voices.

Kannan whispered to Murthy, and Murthy whispered to Manohar, and

all three slowly crawled towards the door and out of the classroom with Kovalan following close behind.

The boys climbed the guava tree



and plucked ripe and unripe fruit. Murthy was choosy about the ones he plucked. He selected only those which were partly eaten by squirrels. When the other boys wondered why, he answered, "Appa, used to tell me that fruits eaten by squirrels were sure to be sweet."

Hearing this they, too, began to pluck only those fruit which had been nibbled at by squirrels. The boys were having a lot of fun. They played various games. Then Murthy dipped his hand into his pocket, brought out a catapult and said, "Come on, Kannan, Kovalan and Manohar. We will all aim at the tamarind fruit. The one who hits more than three, will be allowed to join our famous club."

The idea of becoming members of a club was so tempting, that the boys at once agreed. Manohar was the best shot among them. He had a handful of tamarind fruit within moments. Kovalan and Kannan were not used to catapults. But they somehow managed to hit three of the fruit and win an entry into the club. Kannan asked him, "Murthy, when are we going to join the club? And by the way, what is its name?"

Murthy answered, "There is no club. I was just bluffing. Sorry boys, but what could I do? I wanted to eat some tamarind. And you saw what a bad shot I am. So I tempted you into bringing them down. But today, at midnight, let us all meet at the old cottage opposite our tea-shop and start a club."

His speech was interrupted by the ringing of the bell. They rushed out of school full, of joy and excitement.



Later, at midnight, all the boys gathered in the old ruined cottage. Kannan and Kovalan were the first to arrive. Murthy and Manohar arrived later with a bag of roasted ground-nuts.

Kannan was the first to speak, "To be honest, friends, without Murthy we would never have got such an excellent idea, would we? So I propose he gives us a speech."

Everyone seconded the motion, and Murthy spoke. "This is an excellent opportunity for us to do something for our country. We have put up with gross injustice long enough. It is time we fought for our rights."

His speech, won him great appreciation and admiration from the boys. It was a patriotic speech. Kannan declared, "What Murthy says is absolutely correct. But our club should also include fun. And friends, we know that there is no greater fun than playing cricket. So we will form a cricket club and call it REVOLUTION. Do you agree with me?"

"Whole heartedly!" chorused the boys.

"The first thing we will do tomorrow is, invite our friends and elect a leader."

(To be Continued)

G. Ravi, Bangalore.

The Double 'O' Fun

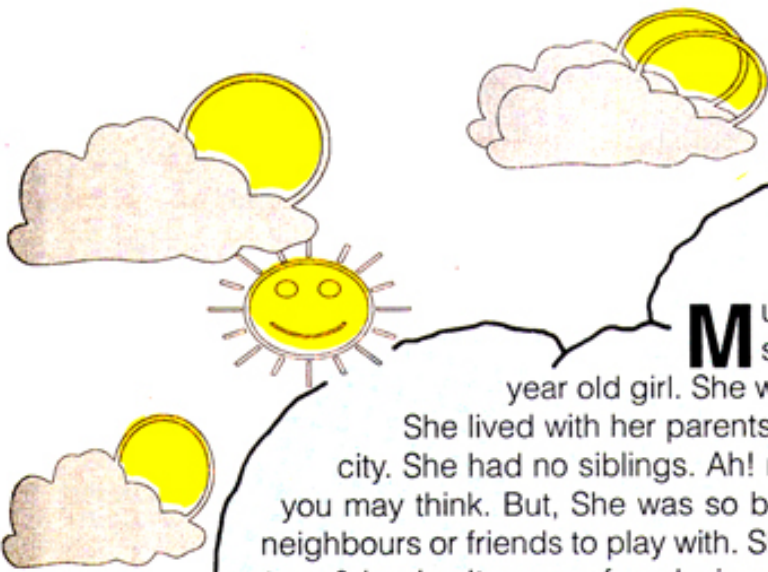


Guess 'oo'the Words from the clues given below. They are all four letter words.

1. *Middle of the day*
2. *Shines at night*
3. *Open grassland*
4. *Without health*
5. *A small area of water*
6. *An instrument*
7. *A silly person*
8. *End of the leg*
9. *Part of a plant*
10. *A large bird*

**Aditi Chauhan (aged 11),
Karnataka.**

Answers:
1.Noon, 2.Moon, 3.Moor,
4.Pool, 5.Pool, 6.Tool, 7.Pool,
8.Pool, 9.Root, 10.Rook.



Munchi, was a beautiful, smart, intelligent, ten year old girl. She was in Std IV.

She lived with her parents on the outskirts of a city. She had no siblings. Ah! no one to pester her, you may think. But, She was so bored for, she had no neighbours or friends to play with. She was tired of all the toys & books. It was no fun playing all by yourself.

One day, a small girl came from a far-away house. She was very beautiful and friendly that Munchi didn't bother to enquire about her home, family etc., The girl said she was

MY FRIEND SRUSHTI



*Srushti**. They played together. Each day, *Srushti* introduced a friend of hers.

One day, she brought *Vasantha*, meaning, spring season. She was very beautiful and had the sweet voice of the birds and the scent of the flowers. She was pleasant and fresh always.

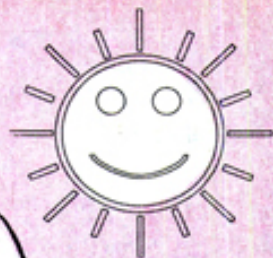
The next day, she introduced *Garma* who was always hot, angry, tired and sometimes gentle.

Yet, another day, she introduced *Varsha*, who was liked by everyone if she was gentle, and hated by everyone if she was angry.

In this way she introduced *Patha*, *Phal*, *Phool*, *Chadi*, etc. They all looked strange but were very friendly.

Munchi's parents were worried that Munchi had gone mad because they couldn't see *Srushti* and her other friends.





One day Munchi couldn't see *srushti*. She didn't know where to go and search for her. She couldn't see the

others either.

Srushti had understood Munchi's parent's worry and so, she decided not to come. That day, Munchi felt so sad that she cried and cried the whole day long. In her dream, that night, came *Srushti*, *Varsha*, *Vasantha*, *Garma*, *Vinoditha* and all her other friends and they played together.

Srushti said, "I am going away, I am *Srushti*, the Creation, you had a special '*dhrusti*' that enabled you to see us." Munchi couldn't understand. *Varsha* said, "I am very sad to leave you and go. But you can see me as rain and play with me."

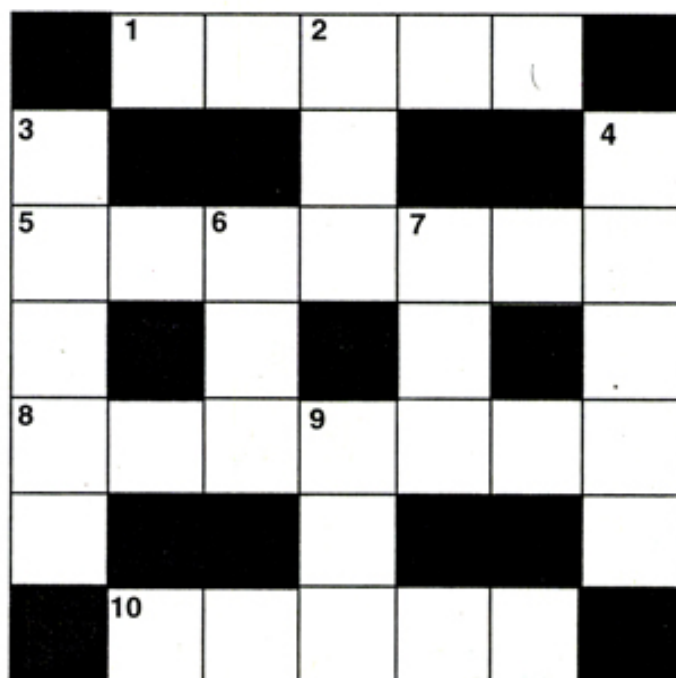
Vasantha said, "You can see me as the birds, flowers, trees, etc in the spring season."

So from the next day Munchi started playing with the rain, the sunlight, trees, birds, animals, pets, etc. She became friendly with nature. She became a happy girl. Her parents felt happy indeed, too see her so cheerful.

Soon there were more houses in her neighbourhood, and more friends to play with. Munchi shared with them all the joy of loving and playing with *Srushti* and her friends.

**V. Sowmya (aged 13),
M.C.T.M. School,
Madras - 600 004.**

GOKULAM CROSSWORDS-4



CLUES ACROSS:

1. Fragrant flowers growing on prickly shrubs (5)
5. Winter wear (7)
8. Short weapons with pointed blades (7)
10. Phintias's friend (5)

CLUES DOWN:

2. Hot spring (3)
3. To one side (5)
4. Christian symbol (5)
6. Breakfast food (3)
7. Bind (3)
9. Precious stone (3)

Kamala Chandrakant

Solution on page 65

The Birthday GIFT



Story: Nitin.M (aged 14)
Bharathmatha School,
Palakkad.

Illustration: Lalitha

Script : Priya.T



Yipee, its a holiday today!

...and about time you ate your breakfast, Nithin



Guess what, Ma! It's Reeja's Birthday today. He's having a party at 4.pm



Reeja, was Nithin's best friend—

What gift shall I take him? He has several toys and games.

... a book?



Fantastic! Reeja loves reading, too. I'll buy him an interesting book.



An hour later—

Amma, I've to go for maths tuition. Can you buy the book for me?

Sure, Nithin. I'm going shopping anyway.

Nithin was late coming home. It was already 3.30 pm.

Amma, I'll be just in time for the party. Where's the gift?

Oh! sorry Nithin. We had guests and I couldn't go out as planned!

Just then...

Post!

Nithin was excited—

Amma! I've an excellent b'day gift idea.

At the party—

Happy birthday! Reeja!

Happy birthday Reeja!

Happy birthday Reeja!

Reeja was dismayed—

He's my best friend... And he has no gift for me.

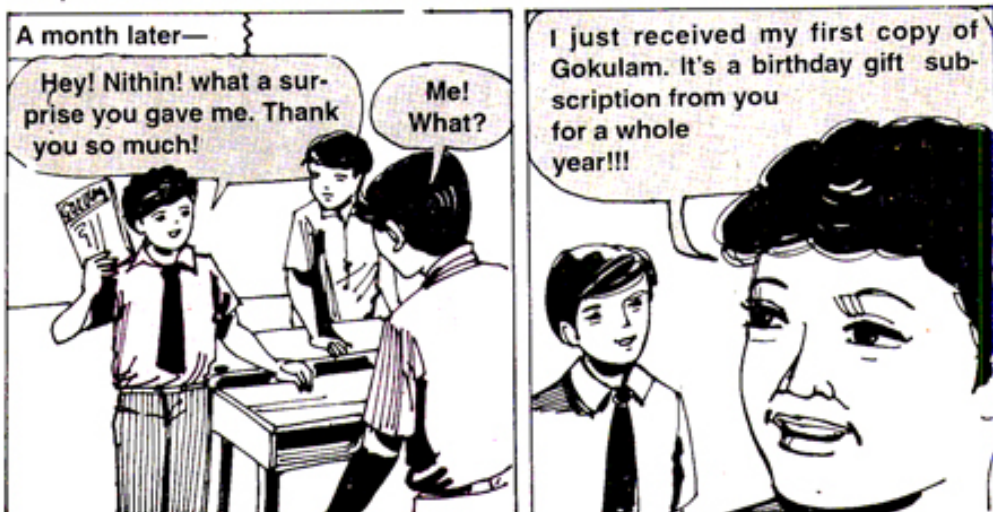


A month later—

Hey! Nithin! what a surprise you gave me. Thank you so much!

Me! What?

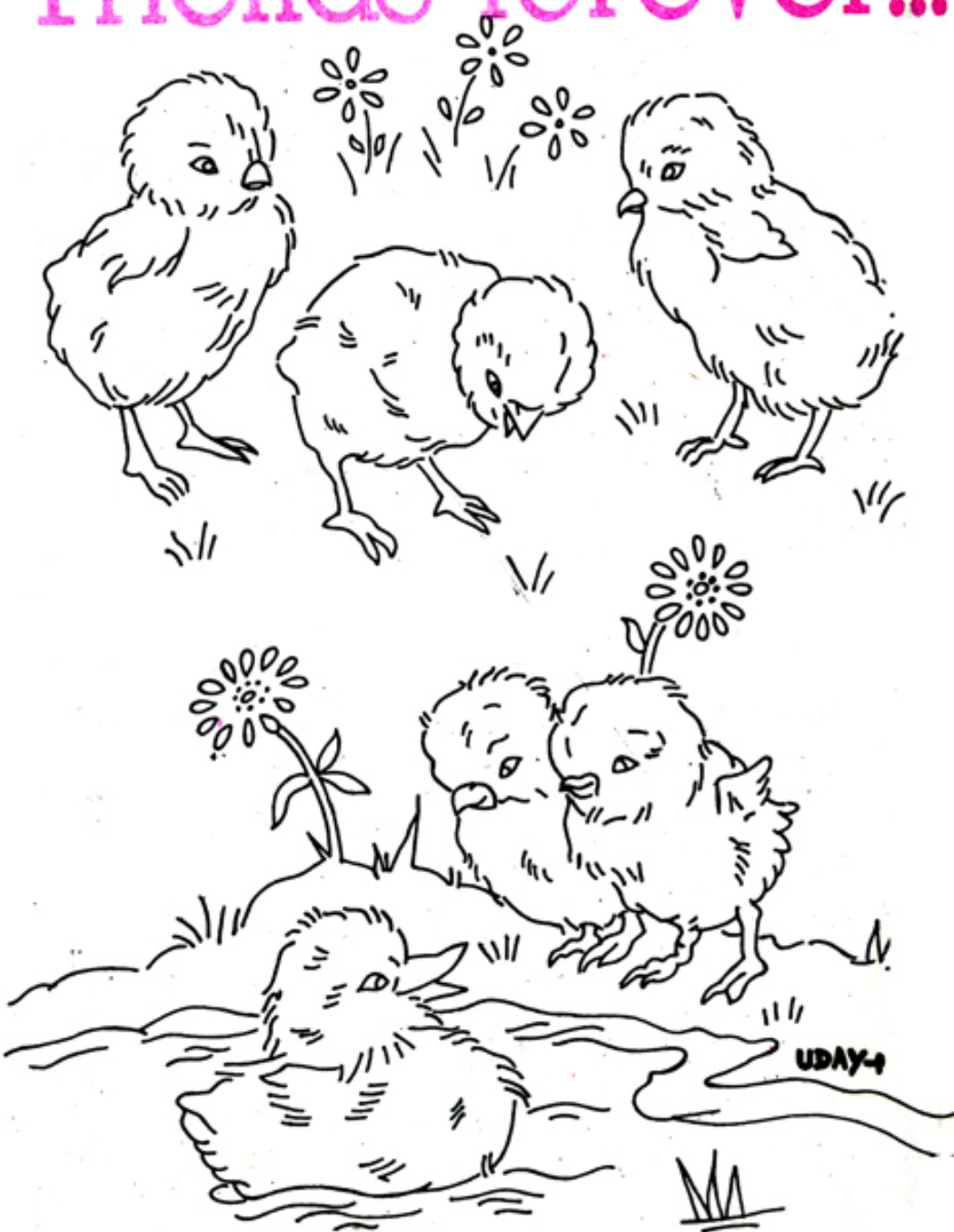
I just received my first copy of Gokulam. It's a birthday gift subscription from you for a whole year!!!



THANK YOU GOKULAM! YOU HAVE MADE OUR FRIENDSHIP GREAT.



Friends forever!!!



COLOUR AND KEEP

SO, YOU THINK YOU'RE CLEVER



If it takes 5 minutes for 8 clothes to dry in the sun, how long will it take to dry 6 clothes?

If it takes one minute to dig one hole how long will it take to dig half a hole?

If there are twelve two rupee stamps in a dozen, how many one rupee stamps are there in a dozen?



A couple go to celebrate Diwali at their relative's house. That night, the husband looks at the moon and tells his wife 'You are still as beautiful as the full moon. But... there is definitely something wrong in the above situation. Can you guess what it is?

Suja A. Krishnan
(aged 15),
Std IX, Hindu
Senior Sec-
ondary
School,
Chennai.



- 1) Same 5 minutes, because the sun shines equally throughout!
2) There is no such thing as half a hole.
3) 12
4) Diwali comes only on an 'Amavāsai' (no-moon) day.

Answers :

Ria thought hard. Then she had an idea. She began to sing aloud as she walked back towards the house. From the corner of her eye she saw Balaram watch her leave. Once she was out of his sight, she hid behind a mango tree. After a few minutes, she crept through the vegetation back towards the pond. No one was in sight.

Ria was used to climbing trees. She climbed up a tree and waited. She nearly fell off it in shock, when she heard the sound of voices coming from inside the outhouse. The door opened and Balaram came out. He looked around and Ria grinned as she realised that he was watching to see if she was back. He gave a sigh of relief and then called out,

"She's nowhere to be seen. Must have gone back to the house. Come out, both of you."

The two brothers came slinking out. Ria's heart began thumping so hard that she was almost afraid that Balaram would hear it. The brothers went to the fence and jumped over it. The fields were deserted as the labourers had gone for lunch. Balaram closed the door of the outhouse and latched it. Then he, too,

went to the fence, leapt nimbly over it and joined the brothers.

Ria sat in the tree wondering what to do. "I think I'd better go and call Grandfather and Headmaster," she thought. She climbed down with shaky legs. It was as she was turning to go back to the house that an-

MYSTERY OF THE MISSING PAINTING

other idea struck her. "The painting, too, might be here in the outhouse. The door is just bolted not locked. I think I'll go in and investigate."

Breathing hard, she ran to the outhouse and drew back the bolt. The outhouse consisted of two rooms, empty except for a bench and a few pots and pans. She went searching around but the painting was nowhere in

sight. Then her eyes fell on the bench. She remembered what the boys had told her about the painting being hidden inside the mattress in the lean-to. She ran to the bench and inspected the old mattress on it. Sure enough the sides had been tacked loosely. It took Ria just five minutes to find a knife and slit the stitches. She felt inside the mattress and sure enough her fingers closed upon one edge of the framed painting. Panting, she pulled at it almost sobbing in anger and fear when it

refused to come out. But she did not give up and finally, she was able to pull it out. She cautiously went out and once she was sure that the brothers and Balaram were out of sight, she ran back to the cuthouse. "I'd better tack up the sides of the mattress before they come back. Oh dear, I must hurry! Balaram will be back before four, as he knows that Grandfather is expecting Mr. Saroj for tea." After what seemed an age to the excited and scared Ria, the mattress was tacked and the sheet



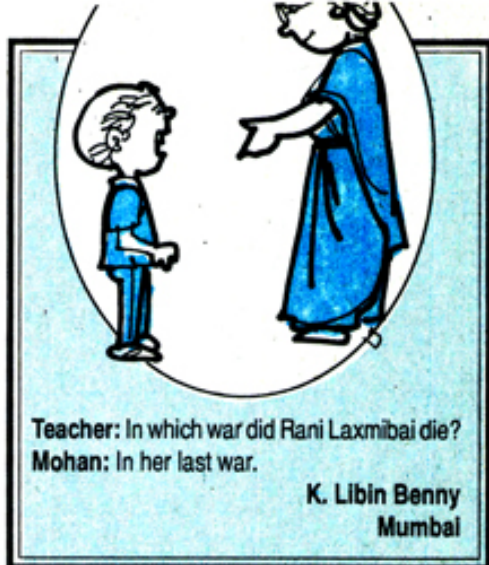
pulled over it. "There! Now he'll never guess that the painting is not there. I wonder if I'll be able to carry it to the house. It's quite big and heavy. I wonder why they didn't take the frame off."

The hands of the big clock in Grandfather's house were stealing to three-thirty when Ria staggered in with the painting. Grandfather and Headmaster stared in amazement at the excited and exhausted girl and then at the painting. Headmaster's eyes nearly popped out when he recognised the stolen painting.

"What's all this and where were you all this while?" Grandfather asked in a puzzled voice. Ria drew a deep breath. "I found the missing painting, Granddad!" she exclaimed. She nearly burst out laughing when she saw the amazement on their faces. Then she said, "I shall begin at the beginning and tell you everything that has happened so far."

The two men listened in silence while Ria told them all that had happened. Grandfather's eyes clouded when she told them of the red blotch they had seen on the cottage floor. Headmaster's moustache shook in anger when he heard about how Balaram was involved in the theft.

"Why didn't you come to me and tell me all this before?" Grandfather asked when Ria came to the end of her recital. Ria was silent but it was Headmaster who said with a snort,



"How do you expect them to come to you when you are always so grim and sullen? I don't blame the children for not approaching you. Ria, you say that the boys have gone to spy on Mr. Saroj. Well, I think we must devise a plan to trap him once he comes here. SHHH... I can hear the sound of pots and pans clattering in the kitchen. Balaram must have come in. We must get the truth out of him first." He cleared his throat and called out, "Balaram O Balaram!" He then turned to Ria and Grandfather. "Hide the painting. Quick!"

The painting was taken out of the room and into the bedroom. Balaram came wiping his hands on a piece of cloth thrown over his shoulder. "Yes sir?"

Balaram, I'm going back this evening and would like to take some coconuts home. Fill a sack and keep it ready, right away."

Balaram nodded and went into the store-room. While he was busy putting coconuts into a sack, Headmaster went to the key-rack and took out a key. He then tiptoed to the store-room and before Balaram knew what was happening the door slammed shut and he found himself locked in!

Ria and Grandfather grinned when they realised what Headmaster had done. Ria hugged him and Grandfather trotted off to the nearest police-station. Balaram banged the door but the door was made of strong wood and did not even shake.

Ria and Headmaster waited anxiously for the police to arrive. Headmaster breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the police van pull in. He had been secretly worried that Balaram would break down the door.

Once the police arrived, things started happening. Inspector Rajagopal sent a few of his constables to the outhouse to wait for the brothers. Then the door to the store-room was unlocked. Balaram came charging out like a mad bull. He stopped short when he saw the khaki dress of the policemen. His face crumpled. "Let me go. Madhav and Raghav are in the outhouse. The painting, too, is there. I didn't do anything," he whined.

"Who asked you and the brothers to steal the painting?" the inspector demanded. Ria knew the answer to that one and she was hardly surprised when Balaram cowered and

confessed. "Mr Saroj! He hired me and the brothers to steal the painting for him. We hid it in the cottage but we got worried when the children began snooping around the place. We told Mr. Saroj about this and he went to the cottage, the evening he came here."

"The boys were right after all," Ria thought as Balaram paused to take a deep breath and continue, his story. "Madhav, Raghav and I then shifted the painting to the outhouse. Mr. Saroj will be coming here any moment. He'll ask for some books he lent Chander Shaab. I will then be sent to put the books in the dicky of his car. He'll keep everyone in the house occupied while I smuggle the painting out and put it into the dicky, along with the books."

"What a silly plan! What would Mr. Saroj do if anyone happened to see you put the painting in the dicky?" Ria demanded. Balaram said wearily, "He must have devised some plan to see that you were in the house. Mr. Saroj thinks of everything."

Inspector Rajagopal looked thoughtful. "So that is the plan, huh? Well, Balaram you will do just as Mr. Saroj told you to. We must catch him redhanded. He will soon be here. I must ask my men to hide the jeep, so that he doesn't suspect anything. It didn't take you much time to spill the beans, Balaram. If you try to warn Mr. Saroj or upset our plan to trap him, you



policeman push the brothers into the house.

"Tell them that I want no noise. The brothers must be kept locked in the store-room till Mr. Saroj comes," Inspector Rajagopal

* Ria staggered in with the painting.

will have to serve a longer time in prison. There are policemen all over the house. You can't hope to escape."

There was a commotion in the backyard. Ria ran to the window. Her heart thumped, when she saw a

ordered. The brothers were pushed into the store-room. The police jeep was taken away and there was no sign of the policemen when Mr. Saroj's Tata Sierra pulled up in front of Grandfather's house. Mr. Saroj stepped out. The gravel crunched under his black shoes, as he walked up to Grandfather. Ria got a whiff of the same perfume when he entered

the house.

"I have come to pick up the books on art that I lent your son. By the way, he's not back, is he?" he asked as he lit one of his expensive cigars. Grandfather turned red. Headmaster and Grandmother gave him a warning look. With an effort Grandfather put a curb on his temper. "I have the books ready for you. Shall I go and fetch them?"

"I wouldn't dream of bothering you. Why don't you ask your servant to do it? I hope you won't mind if I ask him to put the books in the dicky of my car."

"Not at all," Grandfather replied. Balaram was called and sent to fetch the books. Mr. Saroj smiled at Ria. "Where are the boys? I have bought some ice-creams for all of you. Why don't you call them? We can all sit together and taste it."

"They are not here," Ria said and noticed Mr. Saroj's eyes widen when she said, "They will be back any minute now."

Balaram came out with the books. "The dicky is open. Just put them there will you?" Mr. Saroj said. Poker-faced, Balaram went out into the garden. As Mr. Saroj sat making conversation, Ria thought, "Balaram must be taking the painting from the bushes where he is supposed to have hidden it. He must be taking it to the car now." Just to scare the smug Mr. Saroj, she rose and said, "I'll go out into the garden and see if the boys are coming."

Mr. Saroj looked startled. "Hey, you're forgetting the ice-cream! Let's have it before it melts." He looked relieved when Ria sat down again.

After five minutes Balaram came back. Mr. Saroj rose at once. "I shall be going now. I shall look in the next time I pass this way." He went to his car. He had just opened the door when hordes of policemen swarmed out of the house and garden. He stared open-mouthed, as the dicky was opened, and the painting found. "It's the missing painting, isn't it? How did it get here?" he asked feigning surprise.

"Don't you know?" Inspector Rajagopal asked. "Maybe you know who these men are. They say that they know you!"

Mr. Saroj stared dumbly as Madhav and Raghav were brought out by the police. He looked at Balaram who, too, was flanked by policemen. Balaram looked at the floor and Mr. Saroj realised that he had confessed.

"Now, if you tell me where you have imprisoned Mr. Chander, I think we can wrap up this case," Inspector Rajagopal said, as he pushed the four of them into the jeep.

As the jeep went out of sight, Ria wondered, "Where are the boys? Where is Uncle? I suppose we'll soon know."

(To be continued)
GEETHANJALI

A crate excavated in ancient Egypt was to reveal fascinating clues about a long-standing mystery, the ancestry of the domestic cat — one of the most popular of domestic animals and pets. The crate contained 192 mummified cats dating from 4 BC to 2 BC. This discovery threw light on the ancestry of the cat as well as its role in society.

In Egypt, in the 4th century BC, cats were revered. Bubastis, in the Nile delta, was the chief cult centre for Bast — the cat-headed goddess! Her greatest temple at Bubastis was 150 metres long. The cat-headed goddess was to the Egyptians the life-giving force of the sun god. Around the feet of the goddess roamed the sacred cats of the temple. Hundreds of thousands of embalmed cats have been found in the excavations from cat temples and cat cemeteries.

So great was the regard for cats that all the members of an Egyptian household would shave their eyebrows to mourn the death of a

pet cat! Killing a cat was a crime. Even accidental killing of a cat would cause an uproar and the cat-killer might even be put to death by a violent mob!

The Egyptians were not the only ones who revered cats. The Romans, the Chinese, the Japanese, South American Indians, the Burmese, the Tibetans and early Norsemen, too, had great reverence for them. Norsemen believed that Freyja,



ON CATS AND GODS



their goddess of love, travelled in a chariot pulled by two cats.

In the Middle Ages people had come to believe that the Devil as well as witches had the power to transform themselves into cats. For this reason, thousands of cats were drowned, beaten or burnt to death! Many people still think that a black cat crossing one's path brings bad luck.

Because of its nocturnal habits, the cat is singled out as the servant of the Devil. Its sensitive responses to the changes in the atmosphere, made people believe that cats could forecast a storm. Some went further and said that cats caused storms!

Cats have been the subject of many nursery rhymes, stories, films and cartoons. Tom and Jerry car-

toons have been entertaining both children and adults since decades. The Puss in Boots achieves things far beyond human capacity! In his 'Just So' stories, Rudyard Kipling has one about 'The Cat who Walked by Himself'.

A cat named 'Champion Tom' was the official mouser in the Post Office building in Washington D.C. In China and Japan cats have been employed for centuries to protect silkworm cocoons from rats.

The main reason why many people hate or fear cats is due to the disconcerting characteristic they share with snakes — an unblinking gaze or stare. Even Napoleon the great, self-proclaimed Emperor of France, found the stare of a cat unnerving!

**Smt. Visalakshi Ramani,
Coimbatore - 641 002.**

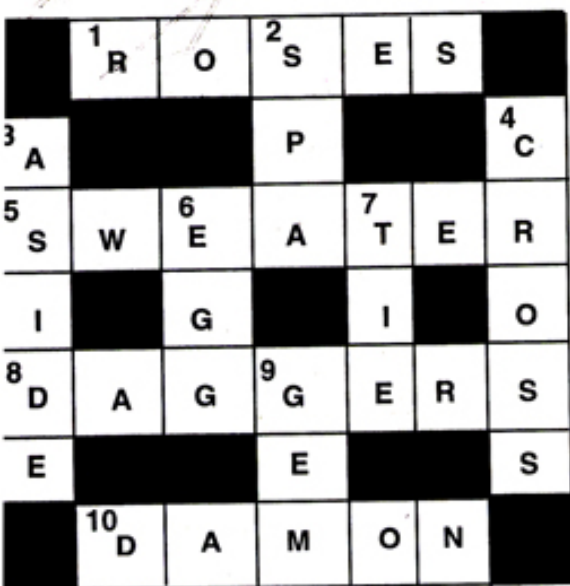


WHEN GOD BAKED BREAD

There was a conference going on in England. Dr. Radhakrishnan also took part. An Englishman said, "We are the true sons of God because we are white in colour." The next speaker was Dr. Radhakrishnan. He said, "Sir, you are wrong. God once decided to bake bread. He left the first loaf in the oven for too short a while. So it was raw and the crust remained white. Thus the whites were born. The next loaf God baked too much. As a result it became black and negroes were born. Then God realised his mistake. He baked the third loaf just right and Indians were born." Everyone roared with laughter. The Englishman hung his head in shame.

**Anand Sharma, The Future Foundation School,
Calcutta - 700 040.**

ANSWERS Pg - 51



CROSSWORDS



Neha : Do you know when Magna Carta was signed?

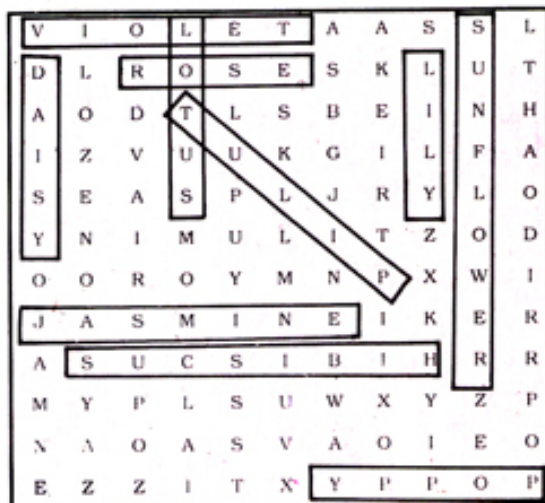
Ajit : No, When?

Neha : Twelve fifteen!

Ajit : (looking at his watch) Oh, no! We just missed it by twenty minutes!

*Preethi (aged 12),
St. Xavier's High
School, Aurangabad.*

FLOWERY MAZE Pg 16





hat does independence really mean?

What does it mean to each person, or to modern Indian society? And more important, how has it changed our lives?

You know, every year in school I have heard about the importance of freedom. But in truth, we haven't changed all that much. Of course, after seeing 'Siraichaalai' (Kaalapani in Hindi), one has to re-



we still have to give our caste? A friend of mine with 74% in SSC was not given admission in Science, in a prestigious college in Madras. Then, she produced a fake certificate as a BC student and got admission. This is definitely not fair! How long is this comedy going to

continue? As American president Lincoln said, "All are equal." This means that whether you are BC or

FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE

alize that we are living in the lap of luxury, in comparison. But in

As I See It

some ways, Indians are still clinging to the past. While there is no hesitation in discarding some of the better traditions and habits, we have problems in getting rid of social evils. And, I feel this is the perfect time to write about it.

With all this talk of our fifty-year-old Independence, why is it that for admission in colleges, or in schools, or for jobs,

FC (Forward Class), you should be given equal opportuni-

ties. Admissions should be given on the basis of merit. Is history being repeated in a reverse manner? First, the Brahmins exploited other castes, and now the other classes have the upper hand. If Gandhiji

were here, he'd have been very upset indeed. Because while he was correct about supporting 'harijans', he had also defended equality with equal vigour. The

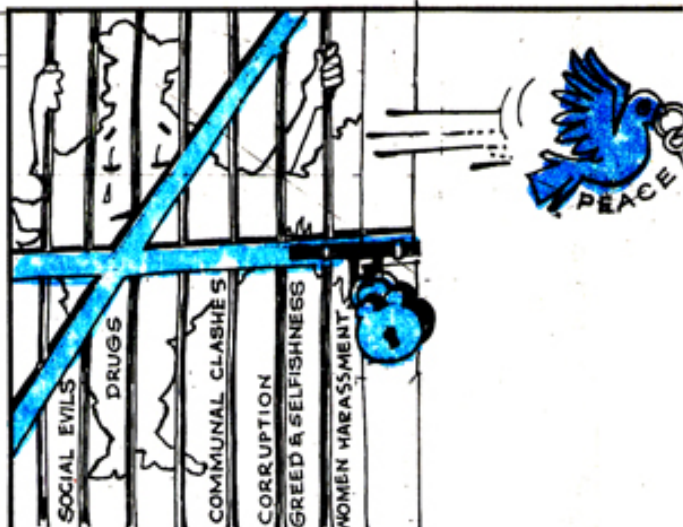


Government's attitude towards the different castes is not at all correct. Why not chuck out the caste system altogether, and just be fair to the students? People might be different, but they are yet, the same. There might be the differences of wealth and character, but we are all made up of the same thing, and deserve the same opportunities. This is such a simple truth, that I really can't understand why nobody realises it.



Another major national problem is the position of women in our society.

There is still a preference for male children, and there are still millions of women, who are raped, or killed or maltreated. Not every dowry results in death. In fact, in middle-class families, it gets settled quite amicably. But the point is, why is it that a man, young or old, has to be bought by a girl for marriage? It's like shopping for a new dress, or jewelry. She can buy a husband and pay in cash or kind, a car, or God-knows-what. The strange thing is that women are the main propagators of this disease in society. Mothers of the potential groom usually ask for it, and the brides usually agree. Why are we not ashamed of this? Money should never have become a matter of



such importance, that it would make a human a murderer. This is the mistake other countries have made and regretted. We say, we respect and honour Gandhiji but we never seem to follow his path of goodness, and non-violence.



Another malady amongst us in the lust for revenge. Gandhiji taught us not to develop a feeling of hatred towards the British, even though they oppressed us for centuries. But we don't seem to practise what he preached even with our own bretheren. We are always

Wife : Why should I never gossip in the field?

Husband : Because corn has ears, potatoes have eyes and beans talk.

**A. Jayashree, aged 10,
Neyveli - 607 803.**



on the look out for an opportunity to hit back.

Nowadays, copying America has become the 'in-thing'. Whatever happened to individuality? Liking western music, food and clothes is one thing. Smoking, intake of drugs and leading a fast life is another. The former can be accepted as understanding the culture of other countries. Even Nehru approved of this in his autobiography. The latter is a sure way to ruin your life. No one recommends that. For some reason, no one in India is willing to accept the foreigner's faith in hard work, cleanliness, and true independence. American teenagers do not whine for higher allowance the way we do. They usually get part-time jobs and their parents usually don't have to worry about their college fees. We do not have those quali-

ties. But we do admire the way our film heroes behave on the screen. One wonders at our silliness and immaturity. And as a result, no girl or woman can walk on the streets safely, without one leering comment or the other. Raja Ram Mohan Roy would have been very disappointed with modern men. While females have gained a lot of rights, they still cannot walk on the streets alone at night, (in Delhi, they cannot walk even in the daytime) without suffering comments from men, who range from college boys to factory workers, some of whom might even be married.

Naturally, a lot of good things have also come out of Independence. We do not have to see the contempt in the British people's face every time they look at us — the 'dark people.' And definitely, there is freedom of movement as well as speech (otherwise, you would not be able to read this essay). But we still have a long way to go. We have to get rid of corruption, greed and selfishness. If not, the sacrifice of Gandhiji, the hard efforts of Nehru, and of every other freedom-fighter would be pointless.

Sam : How old are you Grandfather?
Grandfather : Guess, if you are right I will give you twenty rupees.
Sam : Hmm... you are 70 year's old.
Grandfather : Absolutely correct! How did you guess it?
Sam : My father gave me only ten rupees when I guessed his age as 35.

**N. Kalai Vanl (aged 11),
Salem - 636 006.**

So I think we should start working towards a better India. The next time you want to celebrate Independence, educate an illiterate person, prevent a dowry exchange. Make sure that your friend



Wishy Washy Message

Do you want to send a secret message to your friend?

All you need to do is wet some paper thoroughly lay it on a smooth hard surface. Cover it with dry paper and write your message on the dry paper firmly, with a ballpoint pen. The message will show on the wet paper when it is held to the light. The message will vanish when the paper dries and reappear when it is made wet.

Nagabushan.N.,
Mother Teresa High School,
Bangalore - 500 054.



does not smoke or take pot. There are so many things to do in this land. Let us face it, our nation needs a generation of people like us to make it a better place to live in. This is not the time to blame others for the problems we are facing. It is now time to remove the various obstacles we are facing. Every individual can contribute to this change. Every citizen is responsible and important for the growth of this land. That is what freedom is all about. Not just do-what-you-like or live-as-you-like. After experiencing fifty years of freedom, don't you think that atleast now we should learn from our mistakes and put our house in order? We have the diversity, the rich past, the teachings of our wise ances-

tors, we have it all. There is nothing we cannot do if we really want to do it. That power lies in us and it is time we used it.

Srividya Subramanian, aged 16,
Bombay - 400 062.

TONGUE PRINT

Like fingerprints, everyone's tongue print is different.

S.K. Anjum,
Calcutta - 700 091.





INDIA QUIZ

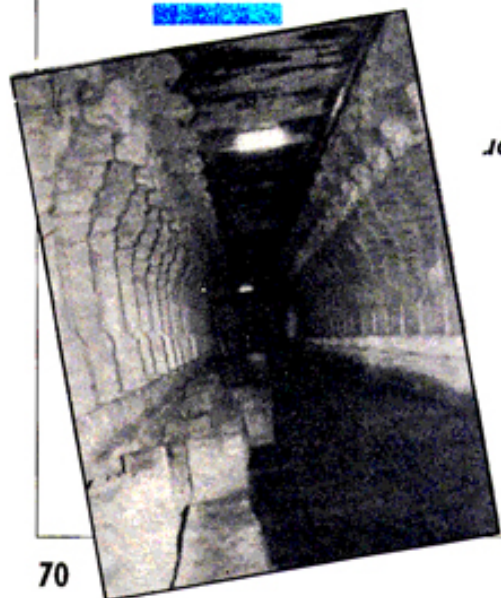
How well do you know your country? This quiz pertains to India. Go ahead and guess the names of the places given below.

- Which is
- the largest mosque
 - the largest lake
 - the largest state
 - the highest waterfall
 - the longest dam
 - the biggest zoo
 - the biggest museum
 - the longest corridor
 - the highest dam
 - the highest peak in India?

K.Savitha (aged 12),
St.Aug.Eng.Med.High
School, Anantapur.

- 1) Jamma Masjid, Delhi
- 2) Wular, Kashmir
- 3) Madhya Pradesh
- 4) Jog waterfalls, Karnataka
- 5) Hirakud, Orissa
- 6) Zoological Gardens, Calcutta,
- 7) Indian Museum, Calcutta
- 8) Rameswaram temple's Corridor
- 9) Bhakra Nangal, Punjab
- 10) Kanchenjunga.

ANSWERS



SPECIAL PRETZELS

Honey - 3 tbsp
Butter - 2 tbsp

Poppy or til seeds - 1 tbsp

Make a dough of flour, sugar, butter, honey and $\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp poppy seeds.

Shape into long strips. Turn the strips as shown in the figures below.

Spread honey, a little flour and poppy seeds on the shaped pretzels. Bake in an oven for ten minutes.

Eat with honey.

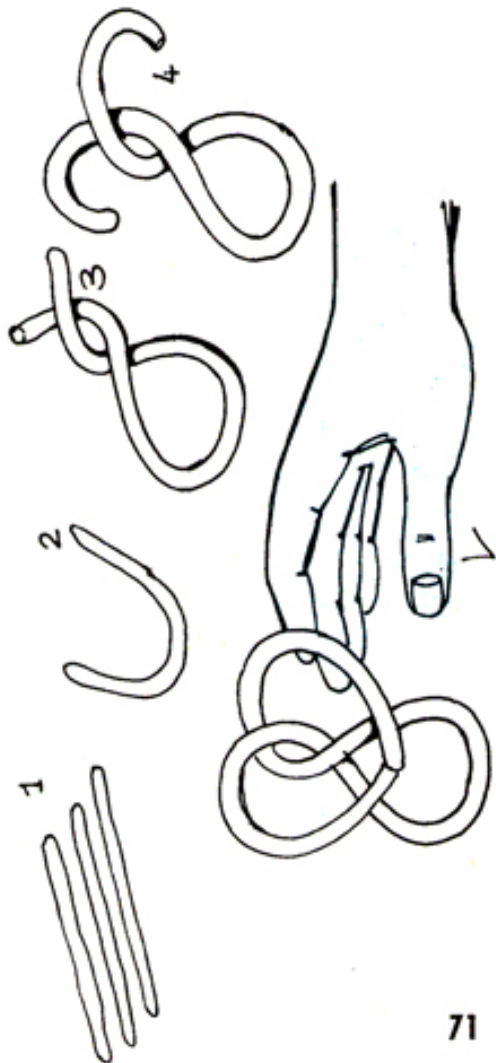
Pretzels are eaten in California, and all over North America.

Majida M. Ukani,
Bombay - 400 050.

You need :

Flour (wheat, maize, rice) - 1 cup

Powdered sugar - 1 cup



SNIPPETS

OUR NATIONAL TREASURES

Two village boys and a girl found seven gold coins, belonging to the Gupta Dynasty, from an old brickstack during their play at Pomdua in Hooghly district in West Bengal.

West Bengal Chief Minister, Mr. Jyoti



Basu awarded cash rewards to the three children-Baby Sambari Begra, Master Hikim Begra and Master Dipak Murmu - for their honesty in handing over the gold coins to the village Panchayat head, who later submitted those to the district magistrate. The Chief Minister, gave away Rs.5,000 to each of the three children of Baichi village.

OLD SHIP WRECK

Italian archaeologists have found the sunken wreck of a Viking

ship dating back to the 9th or 10th century off the Russian Coast in the gulf of Finland. Various parts of the sunken vessel, including a piece of cloth believed to have been used to plug a hole in the



keel, have been recovered. A similar cloth was found on another Viking Ship discovered previously. The wreck was located in the Dalnaja Bay area of the Gulf of Finland which was already a major trading route in Viking times, the archaeologists have said recently.

YOUNGEST READER

Without ever going to school a 4-year-old Malaysian girl has learned to read and write and do school work that normally 12-year-olds do.

Although her favourite book is the Bible, the bespectacled, Grace Lim Ern Hui, also likes to read what most kids her age curl up with; 'Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs.' She began reading when she was 17-months-old, and was soon writing and doing math under the guidance of her father, a private tutor.



Grace, who has taught herself English, Mandarin and Malay, also agreed to a telephone interview, speaking in fluent English, when asked what she would like to be when she grew up, she replied, "I don't know. Maybe an engineer."

Her memory is so good that she can repeat what she reads after going through the passages several times. Grace asks questions on science, language, mathematics and other topics which her mother and father cannot answer without checking books.

SMALLEST TEDDY BEAR

Sixteen millimetre tall 'Tiny,' — world's smallest teddy bear with movable head, arms, and legs was displayed next to a German penny coin in



Bayreuth on November 17, 1996. Collectors offered \$ 670 for it.

'Tiny' is smaller than the German penny coin.

YOUNGEST SOLO SAILOR

Teenager David Dicks stepped ashore for the first time in almost nine months on November 17, 1996, to claim the record for being the youngest solo

sailor to circumnavigate the globe non-stop.

Dicks, who turned 18 in October 1996, left his home port, Fremantle, on a 10-metre sloop 'Sea flight' on February 26, 1996.

He returned to a hero's welcome, cheered home by tens of thousands of West Australians and greeted by about 200 other boats.

The epic journey also earned David the distinction of being the youngest

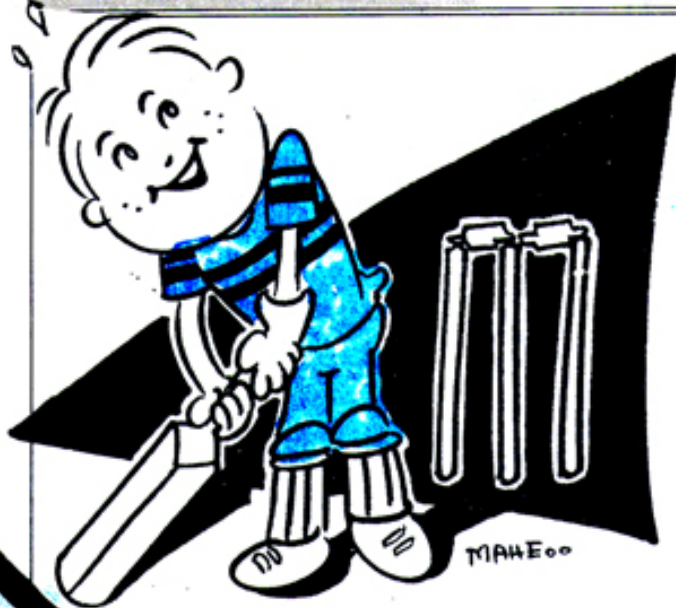


person to round Cape Horn, a feat made more treacherous because he did it in winter and with a damaged sail.

OLD IS GOLD

The railways have pulled out of mothballs a steam engine used by British troops to crush the 1857 Mutiny, to attract more tourists. The 1855 British-built "Fairy Queen" would run between New Delhi and Alwar in Rajasthan from February, 1997. It will be the oldest railway engine on active duty in the world. The "Fairy Queen" based at the National Rail Museum, along with dozens of other aged engines for many decades, will run with one 60 seater carriage and a pantry car. The Rs.18,000 Delhi-Alwar return fare will include an overnight visit to the "Sariska Tiger Sanctuary."

SURESH K.ANJUM, CALCUTTA.



the toss and decided to field. First over was given to spinner, Ravi. The first ball was a no ball, after that was a four, towards short mid-wicket. After Ravi's over the score was 8 runs for 6 balls. Then the over went to leg spinner Pratik, and then, Arun. Four overs passed. Only three more to go. It was Ravi's bowling

again. First ball went for a six, second ball, the batsman was clean bowled. Third, fourth, and fifth balls no runs were given, sixth ball; stumped beautifully by Nirmal. Then there was a continuous fall of wickets. All out for 42. We now had a target of 43 runs in just 7 overs.

After the break Nirmal was the first man in.

He scored a six, then a four, played four balls all beauti-

RESPONSE TO RESPONSIBILITY



nly two days left, for the final cricket match. Our team had won the semi-final. I was trying to keep up my spirit along with my studies.

Two days passed into thin air. The match started at 8.00 am, the appointed hour. It was a seven over match. We won

ful strokes, and then was caught. Sajeesh, scored a four in the first ball, second ball two, third ball four, and then was bowled. Pratik was run out for just one. Arun and Ravi played beautifully but Ravi was soon out— L.B.W. Arun was caught at point. The score was only 31 runs and we needed 12 more runs in just one over.

I lifted the bat. It seemed to weigh a ton. From everywhere sounds of "BUCK UP", were encouraging me. At this juncture I just had to shoulder responsibility. First four balls fetched only six runs, next ball a single.

We needed 5 runs in just one ball to win. I was in a fix. Scoring a four in that last ball was of no use. We needed a six to come out of the fix. The ball seemed to be a patriot missile launched. The missile flew, er.... I mean the ball. My full concentration was on the red sphere coming towards me. I left the crease and gave the ball a powerful shot. The ball danced in the air. I closed my eyes tight and-LO! It was a six. We had won the match. Before I knew it, my team rushed to lift me high. I was indeed on top of the world.

**Karim Junaid (aged 13),
St. Anthony's high school,
Bombay 400 095**

The Accident

My family and I were returning from Bangalore. We were having great fun playing cards in the car. Our car had a flat tyre, but we did not realise it and



kept going. Suddenly the car came to a screeching halt. It rolled, somersaulted and fell into a field. The car would have burst into flames had the farmer not flooded the field, for we fell right into the water. Our car got badly damaged and we had to leave it there for sometime till somebody from the office came and took it. We were all badly injured but not so much as to need being taken to a hospital. A kind gentleman who was passing that way took us back home. It was the worst incident that ever occurred in my life.

**Divya Ramamurthy (aged 9),
Chetpet,
Madras-31.**

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THE CIRCULATION MANAGER

GOKULAM (English)

47, JAWAHARLAL NEHRU ROAD,

EKKADUTHANGAL,

CHENNAI - 600 097.



A long time ago, there was an old farmer named Taro, who lived near a wet and wide waste-land. It was the hunting ground for a large number of ducks. They used to fly down to the waste-land to feed on the crabs and other insects. It was Taro's hobby to catch atleast a

duck every day with the aid of a small net woven by him, by laying trap at an appropriate spot.

Taro was very greedy and was not satisfied with the catch of one duck a day.

At night, lying in his bed and

THE TRAP

A JAPANESE TALE

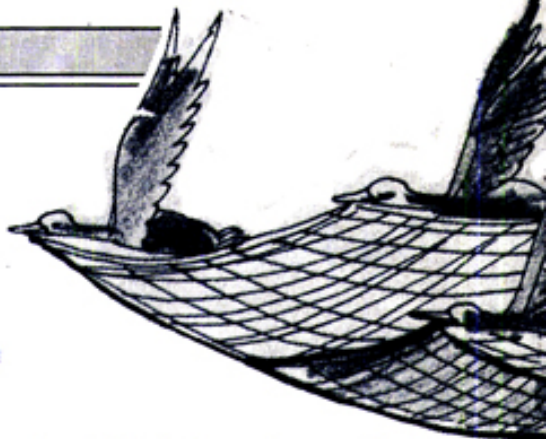


looking at the stars through the window, he was determined to weave a very large net, so that he could catch atleast half of the ducks flying down to the waste-land. He would keep them in a large cage and eat as many ducks as he chose to.

Finally, he made a big net and tied a long rope to it. He laid the trap at the spot where the ducks alight and hid behind a large tree, holding the other end of the rope.

Taro did not wait for long. As if pushed down from the sky, hundreds of ducks landed and fell right into the trap.

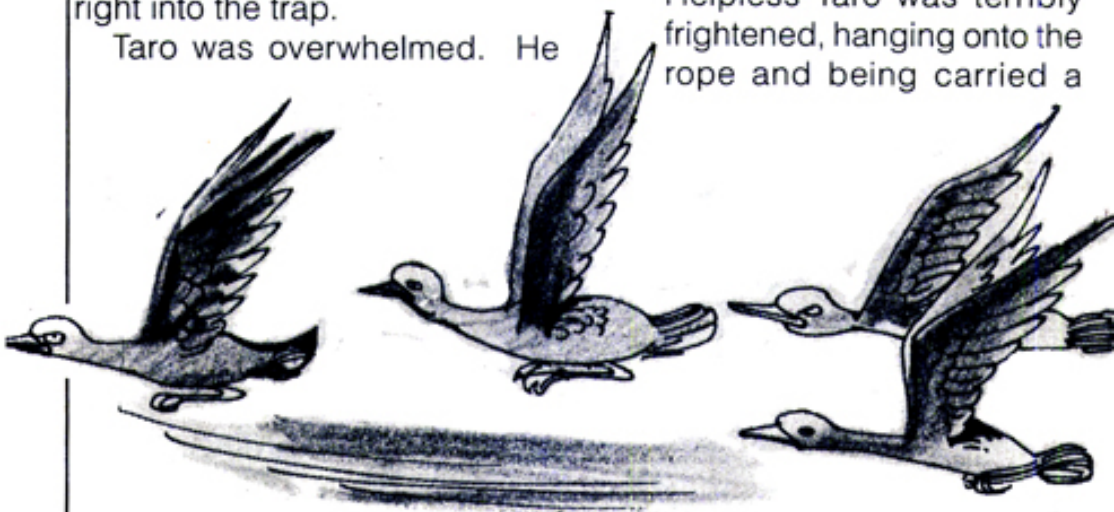
Taro was overwhelmed. He



the birds falling down with the net, Taro, who hung to the other end of the rope, was also lifted-up in the air.

The whole flock of ducks flew together as if glued to each other with the woven threads of the net.

Helpless Taro was terribly frightened, hanging onto the rope and being carried a



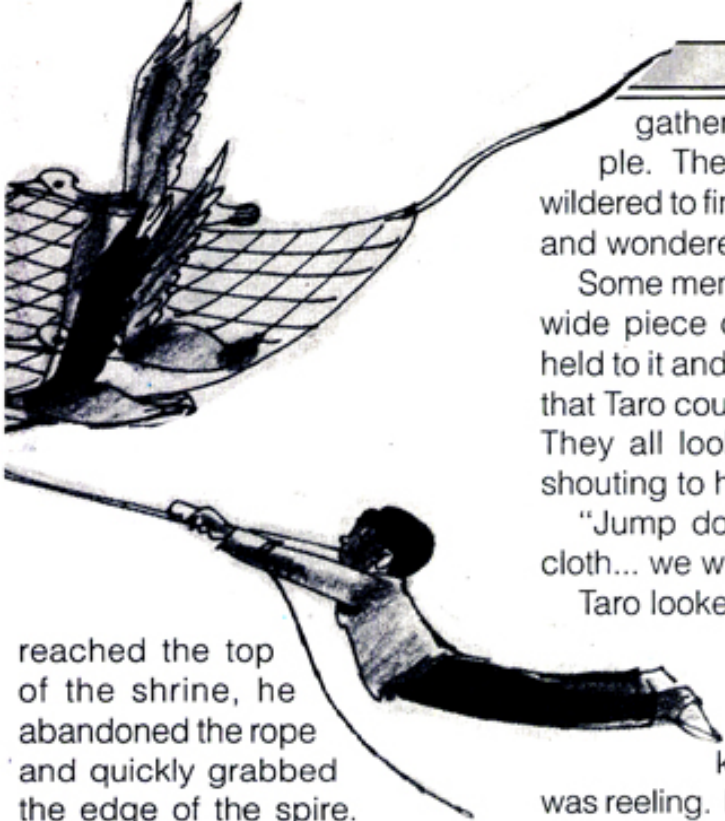
began to dance under the tree. He began to pull the rope of the net slowly and steadily.

All of a sudden, the flock of ducks flew-up together into the sky, net and all. A startled Taro tried desperately to hold down the rope in an attempt to prevent them from flying away, but instead of

long way up in the sky.

The ducks flew on and on over dense forests, mountains and rivers. Finally, they reached a village, hundreds of miles away from the waste-land.

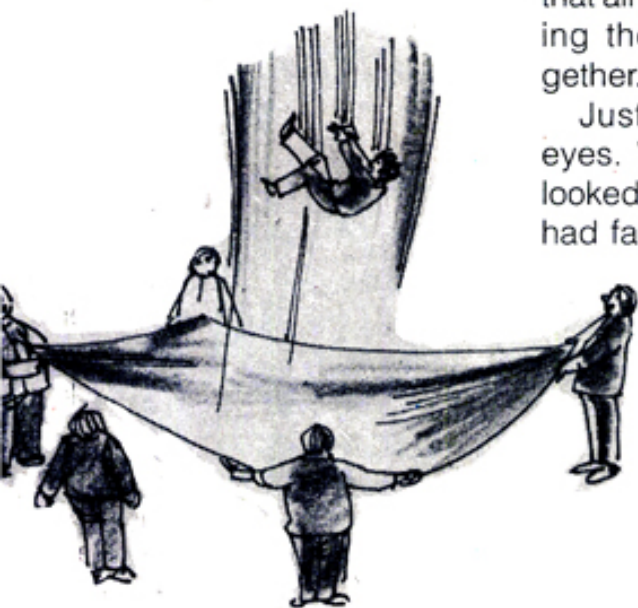
Taro, suddenly saw the spire of a huge temple complex with many layers of roofs. The moment he



reached the top of the shrine, he abandoned the rope and quickly grabbed the edge of the spire. He then looked down and began to cry out:

"Ho... Hoo... help, help... help me..."

Soon, a large crowd of people



gathered around the temple. They were all rather bewildered to find a man on the spire and wondered how he got there.

Some men brought out a large wide piece of cloth. All of them held to it and stretched it tight, so that Taro could jump down into it. They all looked up and began shouting to him.

"Jump down... jump into this cloth... we will hold it tight..."

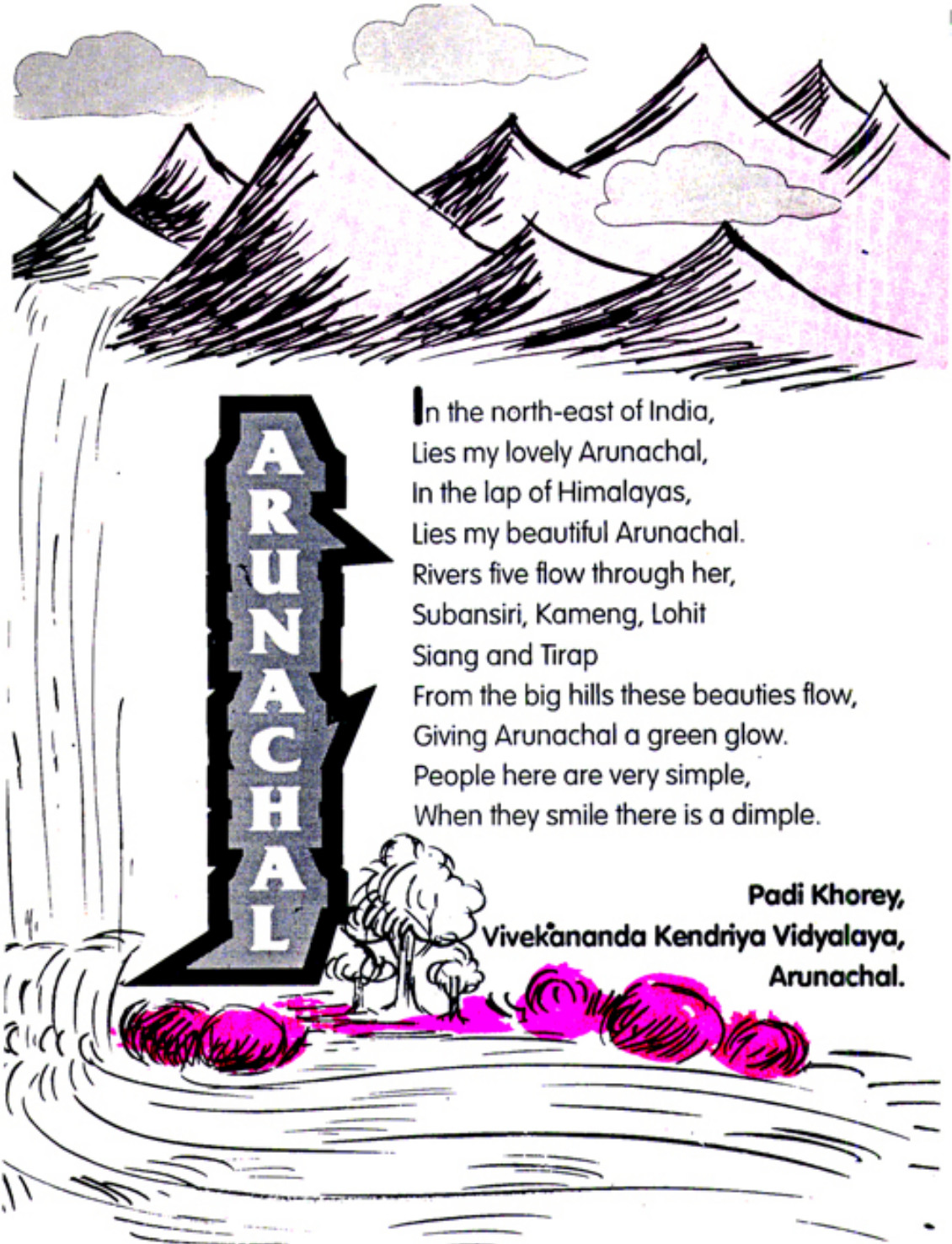
Taro looked down. He was so frightened that his knees began to shake and knock and his head was reeling. But, finally, he closed his eyes and jumped down desperately.

He was so lucky that he landed right in the middle of the stretched out cloth. But his fall was so heavy that all the heads of the men holding the cloth got knocked together.

Just then, Taro opened his eyes. What a fall that was! He looked around and found that he had fallen from his bed. What a relief— it was only a dream. And it seemed so real.

Thereafter, Taro never ventured to catch the ducks in the waste-land.

**Unnikrishnan
Poonkunnam**



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In the north-east of India,
Lies my lovely Arunachal,
In the lap of Himalayas,
Lies my beautiful Arunachal.
Rivers five flow through her,
Subansiri, Kameng, Lohit
Siang and Tirap
From the big hills these beauties flow,
Giving Arunachal a green glow.
People here are very simple,
When they smile there is a dimple.

**Padi Khorey,
Vivekananda Kendriya Vidyalaya,
Arunachal.**

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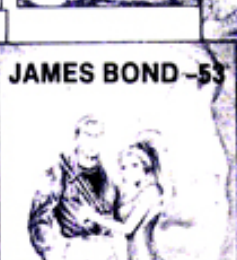
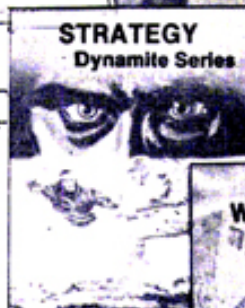
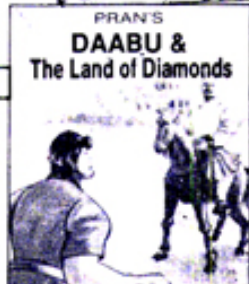
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